

VARIETY.

A
COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANIES,
IN
VERSE AND PROSE.

WITH
ORIGINAL POETRY AND FUGITIVE PIECES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY R. M. BUTLER,
NO. 31, GRAFTON-STREET.

1795.

THE



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VARIETY.

INTRODUCTION.

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

“ And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

—WHAT a pity it should be so, thought I—and I turned aside from the beaten path I had been wandering in, to pluck a few I saw peeping out from the funny side of a hawthorn-hedge:—the employment pleased me, and I pursued it over the stile—thro’ the tangled dell—and up the russet mountain;—and by the time I reached the summit, I found I had composed a bouquet from nature, which pleased my taste wonderfully:—Every blossom I plucked from oblivion, gave me de-

INTRODUCTION.

light;—"This," cried I, "might, ere to-morrow's sun, be trodden under the foot of the heedless passenger;—or cropt by the nibbling lamb, or browsing goat, while insensible of its beauties."——

——This bouquet I now present my readers; and if they find as much gratification in the enjoyment, as I have done in the gathering of it, I shall be more than repaid.



VARIETY.

A

COLLECTION OF MISCELLANIES,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

A MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE! my soul, and to thy God ascend
On contemplation's wing!—let praise and prayer
Begin the day, whose sweet returning light
Sheds its mild influence o'er the verdant fields.
Creation smiles—new beauties meet the eye,
Which, still untired, roves o'er the prospect fair,
And claims acquaintance with each well-known
shrub.

My daily walk all hail! ye sweet retreats
Of white-rob'd innocence?—ye songsters hail!
And all ye fair inhabitants around

Of herbs and flowers—"Joint tenants of the shade!"

When the north wind still whistled o'er the plain,
And the bleak blasts of boisterous winter blew,
I sometimes trod these walks;—the wishful eye
Looked all around, and search'd the sheltered side
Of each warm bank, for some new proof of
spring:

Did the fair snow-drop unobserv'd look forth,
Or bloom'd the primrose in the vale unseen?
Ah! no! with early steps each morn I view'd
Their gentle progress;—saw the infant bud,
At first too tender for so harsh an air,
Contracted close!—'till by the genial warmth
Of yon fair sun—and the descending shower,
New strength was given—by gradations slow,
The beauteous stranger now puts forth its leaves,
Which tremble with the breeze—unnumber'd
charms

Each morn unfolds; I watched, with pleasing
care,

My blooming charge—whose growth repaid my
toil.

Learn hence, my soul, with gratitude sincere,
To adore that God who gives the sun to shine,
And showers to fall;—whose providential eye
Looks thro' the chain of beings, and supplies
The wants of all;—not favour'd man alone
Can boast his care—each insect claims a part.

Great



Great source of bliss! eternal and divine!
Father of angels!—Parent too of man!
Still let me praise thee;—bounteous, kind, and
good,
Art thou to all. 'Twas thy creating hand
Made heaven and earth, the sun and stars to
shine
With brightest lustre, on a perfect world.—

But can a child of dust e'er speak thy praise?
Glorious the effort, but the task too great;
Frail nature shrinks—and the imploring eye
Lifted to thee, intreats superior aid;
The half-formed accents tremble on the tongue,
Unable to bring forth the labouring thought.

Cease then—and in humility of soul,
In conscious weakness—and with awful fear,
Silently worship Heaven's eternal King.

ROCKCLIFF.

MARIA.

A

LITERAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

ELEGANT AND PATHETIC PETITION

SENT BY THE

WIFE OF ALMAS ALI CAWN,

WHO WAS LATELY SEIZED AND PUT TO DEATH,
FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES, IN INDIA.

*To ***** the Most High and Mighty
Servant of the Most Powerful Prince,
GEORGE King of England; the lowly
and humble Slave of Misery comes pray-
ing for mercy for the Father of her Chil-
dren.*

MOST MIGHTY SIR,

MAY the blessings of thy God ever wait
on thee!—May the sun of glory shine round
thy head!—and may the gates of plenty, honor
and happiness be ever open to thee and thine?
—May no sorrow distress thy days!—May no
grief disturb thy nights!—May the pillow of
peace

peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams!—and when length of years make thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the angel of thy God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction!

Oh! hearken then to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant: Spare, O spare the father of my children;—save the partner of my bed—my husband—my all that's dear!—Consider, O mighty Sir! that he did not become rich by iniquity;—that what he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors, who, in those smiling days, when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard on the fertile plains of Indostan, reaped their harvests in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested.—Think, O think, that the God whom thou worshippest delights not in the blood of the innocent; remember his own commandment—“Thou shalt not kill,”—and obey the orders of Heaven.—Give me back my Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth;—strip us of our jewels and precious stones, of our gold and our silver, but take not away the life of my husband;—innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows

round his heart.—Let us go wander through the deserts—let us become the tillers and labourers in those delightful spots, of which he was once lord and master: but spare, O mighty Sir! spare his life; let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he committed no crime;—accept our treasures with gratitude;—thou hast them at present by force:—We will remember thee in our prayers, and forget that ever we were great and powerful.—My children—the children of Almas Ali Cawn, send their petition for the life of him who gave them life;—they beseech from thee the author of their existence.

By the humanity, which we oft have been told glows in the breast of European loveliness! By the tender mercies of the enlightened souls of Englishmen! By the honor, the virtue, the maternal feelings of thy Queen, whose numerous offspring are so dear to her! the miserable wife of thy prisoner, beseeches thee to save her husband's life, and restore him to her arms.

Thy God will reward thee;—thy country must thank thee;—and she now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the desire of thy humble vassal.

[The petition was presented by the unhappy woman to the great man;—who, after he had perused

perused it, gave orders that Almas Ali Cawn should be immediately strangled; and these orders were instantly put in execution.]

THE FOREGOING PETITION,

PARAPHRASED.

OH! mighty Sir! on thee and thine
May Heaven its blessings shed!
Long may the sun of glory shine
Auspicious on thy head!
May peace and honor, wealth and fame,
Thy footsteps still attend,
And ev'ry day's declining beam
Without a cloud descend;
Soft be thy pillow—sweet thy sleep,
Serene thy gentle night,
Thee safe, may guardian angels keep,
From danger or affright;
May no misfortune e'er betide
Thy pleasures to molest,
But joy, with sorrow unalloy'd,
Still dwell within thy breast:
And when, replete with happy days,
Thy lamp of life expires,
When death's chill damps thy limbs shall seize,
And quench thy vital fires,

Then

Then may thy spirit wing its way
To realms of endless joy,
Where it shall taste in endless day,
That bliss which ne'er can cloy.
Oh! hear thy humble handmaid's prayer,
And grant the boon I crave;
The father of my children spare,
My all—my husband save!
His honest wealth, by no foul deed,
Great Sir, he fought to gain;
No plunder'd victim caus'd to bleed,
Nor gave one creature pain;
His ancestors—an antient race,
Oude's pleasant plains possess,
Long ere Britannia did the peace
Of Indian climes molest;
For thundering instruments of war,
Were then unheard—unknown,
Nor dreaded they, that foes from far,
Should rob them of their own:
From these my Ali Cawn deriv'd
His wealth, his treasures all;
But let us be of all depriv'd,
And grant he may not fall:
Meek innocence his brow adorns,
And friendship warms his heart,
By truth and honor taught, he scorns
Each base unmanly art;

The milk of human-kindness flows
Thro' every throbbing vein,
And he can feel another's woes,
And share another's pain;
Then to my arms restore my love,
His guiltless blood don't spill,
O think thy God, who dwells above,
Commands thee—"Not to kill."
By all the soft endearing ties
That kindred souls unite,
By all that's generous, good, and wise!
By all that yields delight!
By that compassion, which I'm told
The British chiefs inspir'd!
That magnanimity of old,
Which even their foes admir'd;
By the bright virtues of thy Queen!
By her maternal love!
By that connubial bliss serene
The royal couple prove!
I thee beseech to hear my prayer,
And grant the boon I crave,
The father of my infants spare,
My all—my husband save.

The ruthless tyrant heard her pray'r,
And steel'd his cruel breast,
Nor wou'd the hapless husband spare,
Nor grant her fond request;

But

But like a tyger unrestrained,
 Impatient for his prey,
 Without remorse the human fiend,
 Took Alma's life away.—

A.

 R O S A.

—“WHAT afflicts you, my good man,”
 said I.—Alas ! Sir, have you seen my child ?—
 The person who thus answered me, was a poor
 blind man, seated on the trunk of a hollow tree,
 at the foot of which issued a silver spring ; his
 bald forehead, robbed of its honors by the iron
 hand of time—his patched wallet, unconscious
 of the bounties of Ceres ;—the beechen staff on
 which he rested his debilitated arm ;—his body,
 that seemed fainting under the pressure of ex-
 treme hunger ;—his sightless eyes, and tremu-
 lous voice ;—altogether struck me with a kind
 of reverential horror.—I looked once more up-
 on the object which had so riveted my amaze-
 ment, and thought that Providence had deserted
 one of her weakest children :—The limpid
 stream, that bubbled at his feet, murmured
 hoarsely in unison with the language of distress,
 as if sensible of his accumulated sorrow.

I got

I got off my horse—" I pray you inform me, my poor old man, have you no one to conduct you to a roof, where plenty might gather joy, by wiping the tear of misery from your furrowed cheek?"—" No one," answered he, feebly raising his snow-white head.—He pronounced these last words in a tone which made me think for a moment, that humanity had abandoned the world.—" What! not one, my old friend?"—" Alas! Sir, my wife and children have all deserted me;—I am poor, old, and blind, yet I must forgive them; but my daughter, O my daughter!" repeated he, with a deep sigh that seemed to escape from the inmost recesses of his heart.—" Are you speaking of a favourite child, my old man?"—" Ah! good Sir, she is more than a child, she is my *friend*!—It was she, whom of all my children, I neglected when the rays of prosperity gladdened my younger days; and now, when I am fallen into the vale of years, and laden with horror, she is the only one who will administer comfort to my miseries!"—" When did she leave you?"—" Yesterday, Sir, for the first time."—" You have not surely been unhappy from your youth! you could not have arrived at so advanced an age, if the visitations of sorrow had been continual."—The poor man sighed, and gave me his history in a few words.—" I had laboured forty years to amass a few hundred crowns"

crowns by the sweat of my brow, which I suddenly lost, by the person becoming a bankrupt in whose hands I had entrusted my little capital; the pressure of a misfortune so serious and unexpected, was infinitely too powerful to be resisted by so weak a philosopher as me;—even the force of Christianity failed to alleviate the sting of woe. For these ten years past my being has been comfortless (said the poor old man, pointing to the place where his eyes once were); for these ten years past I have been praying for my dissolution: many miserable wretches, who were doomed to wander through the darksome caverns of affliction, have hope at least to strengthen them upon their journey; but my expectations of mortal bliss are over.”—“ You must not lose sight of hope, my good old man; it is possible you may yet be happy.”—“ Happy!—ah! dear Sir, circumstanced as I am, even to expect such an event were presumption.”—“ You are not certain, my poor friend, but assistance may be near you in the moment of complaining.”—“ Assistance! I entreat, Sir, mock not my misfortunes; can the power of kings give me a ray of light?”—This answer struck me so forcibly, that I immediately turned towards the sun, and could not help uttering a silent prayer of gratitude to the Deity, that I was in possession of so invaluable a gift. He remained silent for a moment, resting his hands
upon

upon his staff, and bending his palsied head towards the earth, which seemed, in the melancholy state of my understanding at that period, to call him to her bosom; then issuing a woe-fraught sigh, continued—"Oh! my daughter! my dear child! but for her goodness I should long since have ceased to exist; when I determine to suppress my being, and die by the slow ministry of hunger—the poor child cries—embraces my nerveless knees—calls me her father—her dear, her honored father, in a tone of supplication so persuasive, and so tender, that the influence of desperation yields to the entreaties of an angel;—and yet—she does not return!—Ah! Rosa, wilt thou leave me here to perish without the consolation of a last embrace—without the rapture of bestowing my final blessing on my child?—O, my God! dost thou then abandon me!"——

The awful manner in which he uttered these words chilled the very pulses of my heart.—I lifted my streaming eyes to Heaven, and murmured involuntarily—God of nature! is it possible thou canst have abandoned him!—The poor man thanked me, and I retired laden with anguish.—I had wandered some distance from the miserable man, when I perceived his daughter;—I ran to announce the discovery to her father;

father;—I would not have exchanged the commission to have been sovereign of the world.—His greedy ear drank the intelligence with rapture, and the good old man was cheered once more with a moment of joy. His daughter arrived out of breath—she had been far away, begging charity for her unhappy father; I looked at the amiable Rosa with unutterable delight;—I thought her countenance was more than human;—she uttered the sentiments of filial piety in so graceful a manner, that pity, admiration, and respect, at once usurped the government of my bosom.

I felt a delicious emotion in perceiving, with what undefinable tenderness the poor old man and his daughter embraced each other.—Oh! Rousseau!—Oh! Yorick! if such a scene was to pass near your tombs, would you not burst from the cold monument of death, to celebrate the virtues of the exemplary Rosa!—

“Is it thee, my dearest Rosa;—is it thee?” said the aged father, stretching out his withered hands, which seemed to seek the fond object of his regards with sympathetic agency;—“where art thou, Rosa? let me press thee to my panting heart;—you tarried so long, that I almost began to think you had forsaken me.”—Rosa instantly kissed the trembling forehead of
her

her parent, and wetted his silver locks with the tears of affection.

“ I knew, my dear child—I well knew, that thou wouldst return;—come near me, that I may kiss thee once more.”——“ You will never desert this old man again; but constantly watch by his side, to soften the pangs of affliction.”——“ Ah! Sir,” replied the lovely girl, “ do you not know”——“ What, Rosa?”——“ that he is my father!”——What a sentiment!—could volumes express more!——Ye parents, who boast of educating your children agreeable to the principles of Christianity, bid them read this tale.

EDWIN.

T H E

DEDICATION OF A FOUNTAIN.

SHEPHERDS, on other banks your flocks may
play;

Here, native pearls enrich the verdant lawn,
And lillies opening to the morning ray,

On their smooth cups, reflect the purple dawn.

Chorus,

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Chorus,

Chorus, divide : Give voice to every reed ;
 See, on the level green your silent sheep
 Crop the wild thyme, and near the riv'let feed,
 While the hush'd gales in April's bosom sleep.

Fountain, for ever may thy crystal stream
 O'er many an em'rald, many a diamond flow ;
 May amethysts, and opals varied gleam
 Smile on thy sands, and in thy waters grow.

Ye spangled gold-fish, may no branch be roll'd
 On the green herbage, where in shoals you
 play ;
 May no rude water-snake, with sinuous fold
 Wind thro' your haunts, or on this margin
 stray.

No cane, nor flag, nor pointed rush shall grow
 On this fair brink, where silver jessamine,
 And orange-flowers, and spicy balsams blow,
 And sweet musk-roses knit in amorous twine.

Drop not thy tears, old willow, in this brook,
 Ye fowls with glossy plumage sport not here,
 And thou, O angler, whirl thy barbed hook
 In the wide river, or a lake less clear.

Sweet zephyr, gentle gale, Aurora's child,
 That court'st in od'rous vales the smiling spring,
 Sport on this stream ; and with soft dalliance
 mild
 Bathe in the wanton fount thy silken wing.

Sweet

Sweet breeze, that wanton'ft in the thistle's beard,
Or o'er the ripen'd citron's golden cheek,
Thro' these fair wood-walks may thy voice be
heard,

Among these damask flowers thy jacinth seek,
Ye green-ey'd frogs; that near the purling spring
Couch'd on the moss, of lowering skies com-
plain;

Near other streams your antient jargon-sing,
The milder Naiads hate so harsh a strain.

Adder, and asp, and toad with brilliant eye,
In yon dark desert find some hateful cell,
Blind flow-worm, and thou four-wing'd dragon-
fly,

Near other fountains, other flow'rets dwell.

Sad Philomel her night-song warbles here,
And the shrill black-bird with its spangl'd
throat,

The goldfinch chirps its sylvan carols near,
And the sweet wood-lark tunes his trembling
note.

Daughter of air—sweet Echo, that unseen
In the smooth concave of thy secret shell,
Lead'st the night-wand'rer's o'er the chequer'd
green,

Amidst these verdant arbours ever dwell.

Ye dryads, that within the poplars bark
Strike heavenly lutes and join the sylvan dance,
Leave, for this rill, your dreary mansion dark,
And gliding thro' the passive air advance.

Ye water-nymphs, and sisters of the wood,
Bask on these flowers, and on this border play,
And, hand in hand, encircling round the flood,
Dance to the moon-beams till the dawning day.

Eye of the day, O sun ! whose beaming light
Flies and pursues, by turns, the scatter'd gloom,
Shine here, that no hoar-frost, mildew, or blight,
Cockle the shrubs, or curl the shrivell'd bloom

Moon, o'er these groves, and o'er this fountain
pass ;

Night's arbitress, pale regent of the streams,
Here shed thy dew, and in this wat'ry glass,
Admire thy arching horns, and silver beams.

Star-light, when humming gnats, and reat-mice
rude

Sport wildly fluttering in thy glimmering ray ;
And the grey mist glides twisting o'er the wood,
Sleep on this brook, and on the surface play.

Now, sacred stream ! this vase of sparkling wine,
Crown'd to thy name, with cheerful hand we
fill ;

So may thy charms in our wild carols shine
More splendid than Blandusia's glassy rill.

Swains,

Swains, pipe no more, but let our lambs be pent;
 Now crimson ev'ning paints the tufted greaves*
 Night's tapers dance along the firmament,
 And cooler breezes fan the rustling leaves.

Early at blush of dawn, a fresher band,
 To many a harp, and many a flute shall play,
 And sing and wanton o'er the flow'ry land,
 'Till the pale Cynthia sheds her trembling ray.

JONES.

THE
 JOURNAL
 OF A

WILTSHIRE CURATE.

MONDAY.—Received ten pounds from my rector, Doctor Snarl, being one half year's salary;—obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the Doctor, and even when admitted, was never once asked to sit down, or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles—Item, the Doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

* The antient word for groves.

Tuesday.

Tuesday.—Paid nine pounds to seven different people; but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches, offered me as a great bargain by Cabbage the tailor, my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsey, nor Polly, having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday.—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters: but coming home, unluckily dropped half-a-guinea through a hole, which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half-a-crown.—Item, chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

Thursday.—Received a note from the ale-house at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business: went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for seven pence halfpenny: In a struggle what to do.—The baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrell'd with us to avoid giving any credit in future: and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word, that he heard it whispered, how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty.

duty at an inferior price, and therefore though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paruch at the upper end of the town.—Mortifying reflections these! but a want of humanity is, in my opinion, a want of justice;—the Father of the Universe lends his blessings to us, with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress, and we consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence.—Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday.—A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children.—I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears.—*Mem.* Never to contradict her as long as I live;—for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion, and in every lapse from the severity of oeconomy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday.—Wrote a sermon;—which, on Sunday, I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively wearied, and excessively hungry;—no more money than two-pence half-penny in the house;—but see the goodness of God! the strolling player whom I had relieved, was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous extremity of temper wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

A.

 A N

AFFECTING PICTURE.

—THE evening was calm and serene. The sun seemed to be taking his leave of the world in thorough good-humour, and having finished for the day his work of benevolence upon earth, he appeared still to be in a generous mood, and determined to disperse the remainder

mainder of his rays amongst the clouds, while the latter, as if to shew their gratitude, were collecting themselves together to form a curtain for his chambers in the west.

—Seeing a lame old man levelling the ruts with a spade, I rode up to him:—He was without disguise;—an unreserved conversation was sufficient to furnish me with a short, but melancholy epitome of his life—the principal incidents of which were as follow:—He was seized by a press-gang in the beginning of the last war, and hurried on board a tender; upon pleading earnestly the miseries in which a large family would be involved by his absence, the lieutenant had the humanity to propose, that if he would join the gang for a certain time, his release should afterwards be insured to him.

—“No,” said he, “I wou’d rather endure an injury, than commit one.”—After being exposed to various hardships and dangers, he lost a leg in the celebrated expedition against the Havannah; his share of the prize-money amounted to fifty pounds; the hopes of returning to his wife and family with this treasure, consoled him for the loss.—He returned; his wife was dead; his eldest son had been happily rescued from the infamy to which a pick-pocket is exposed, and sent to sea, by the directors of the institution in favour of deserted chil-

dren, where he was however accidentally drowned. An elder daughter had been at service, but was afterwards seduced, and died upon the town: three younger children had perished in a work-house.—His exigencies being great, and public payment slow, he was necessitated to sell for ten pounds, his title to fifty:—with this he commenced shoe-black; but trade ill-succeeding, he bought a wooden limb, a pick-axe, and a shovel, and now obtains occasional employ from the superintendant of the road.

Thus was this veteran in distress, the only survivor of a numerous family; nor had he a distant relation to acknowledge him. He appeared as an insulated inhabitant of this great globe, or like the mast of a wrecked vessel, raising its head above a tempestuous ocean.

Here, thought I, is misery compleat; but I soon learned how much appearances deceived me.—A consciousness of having discharged his duty through every stage of action, and a release from greater sufferings, has made the eve of his boisterous life tolerably calm and serene. It is true, he now depends, like the fowls of heaven, upon Providence, and the returning day, for his subsistence: Providence, and the returning day, have not yet left him destitute.—Bread, sufficient to satisfy the rage of hunger,
and

and the refreshing brook to slake his thirst, have been always in his power; nor is it unfrequent that he dines luxuriously upon the offals of an ordinary, or the passing tribute levied upon the humane, which sometimes enables him to raise even an exhilarating draught — He sleeps at night in barns and stables;—yes! he sleeps, insured by his poverty, from losses by fire, nor were his slumbers ever disturbed by the apprehension of midnight robbers. His present desires were absorbed in longing for a refreshing pint: for the day had been sultry, and he was fatigued and thirsty. These wants I soon supplied, and a donation, too trifling to be mentioned, rendered him happier than numbers would be by the acquisition of thousands. He threw the spade over his shoulder, and limped away rejoicing, leaving the morrow to take care for itself.

J. B.

Contentment, with a little, is great gain.

EGON AND EMMA,

A NIGHT-PIECE.

ALL nature now, seems as in death's repose ;
Not even a breeze disturbs the calm of night,
No beamy lustre to the wakeful shews,
Except the living phosphor's dubious light.

At this dull hour, the meteor of the fen,
Appears like rushy taper seen from far ;
And oft misleads the steps of village men,
And fancy cheats, with living spectres drear.

Like the false wretch who puts on friendship's
guise,

Credulity, the easier to betray ,
From the foul marshes, those gay vapours rise,
And promise guidance by their dancing ray.

But hapless thou, who lost in glooms of night,
See such illusions, nor their nature know ;
Who seek with hasty steps the evading light,
Which often leads into a fatal woe.

Deep in the vale there liv'd an happy pair,
Whose peaceful souls no care did e'er invade ;
Egon the shepherd—Emma was the fair,
And each the other's love with love repaid.

Call'd

Call'd to the nuptials of a shepherd-friend,
One ev'ning they, in all their finery drest;
The shepherd, in his turn, was to attend
Next day, to see our pair by Hymen blest.

Oft on the way young Egon won her kifs,
And snatch'd her lily hand unto his heart;
And Emma oft, from the approaching blifs,
To Heav'n did all her thankful soul impart.

"Oh! may my friend, he'd say, with Sylvia
know

"Such joys, my Emma, as I'll know with thee!

"May Sylvia, she wou'd cry, to Damon owe

"Such blifs, my Egon, as thou'lt give to me!"

With words of love, and looks most sweetly mild,
And gen'rous hope, each for the fav'rite friend,
The honest, gentle pair, the time beguil'd,
Until with Damon's cot their walk did end!

There was the village met—and straight began
The various pastime—song, and dance so gay;
But for just movement, Egon was the man,
And now like Emma pour'd the cheering lay.

Thus pass'd the hours, 'till warn'd by growing
night,

Egon and Emma took the path-way home;
But as they went, the stars withdrew their light,
'Till not a ray shew'd whither they would
roam.

Sudden and fierce a storm burst from the sky,
 Thrice thunders roll'd—thrice did the owl
 complain;

The trembling damsel heav'd the usual sigh,
 And to her bosom press'd her guardian swain.

“Dispel, my love,” he cry'd, “dispel this fear,

“Dread not the raging conflict of the skies;

“Such innocents as thou, to Heav'n are dear,

“And safety still in such pure virtue lies

“This sullen gloom, my Emma, straight may
 fly,

“Or some kind taper shed its cheerful ray,

“To shew the hospitable cot is nigh,

“And lend us kind direction on our way.”—

While he thus essay'd comfort to the fair,

Many a sad tear did his gay cheek stain;

Emma, alone, employ'd the shepherd's care,

And Emma's trouble only gave him pain.

Scarce had he ceas'd, when an untimely gleam

Its fatal radiance to the wand'ers gave;

The pair pursu'd the meteor to the stream,

And both at once had one cold wat'ry grave.

Upon a bank the pair were found next morn,

Like true-loves still, united arm in arm;

Still did the rose her clay-cold cheek adorn,

And still his features wore their native charm.

Beneath

Beneath one verdant sod in peace they lie,
And thither oft resort the plighted pair,
Who ne'er the tributary tear deny,
While they strew o'er them virgin-flow'rets
fair.—

Nor is the village-wonder still confin'd
Unto those strange illusions of the earth;
For at this time, oft the astonish'd hind
Sees in the northern skies the meteor's birth.

He looks and trembles, and with dread adores;
Then homeward hastes, and straight the town
appears;

Each eye new cause of wonder still explores,
And with this wonder still arise new fears.

Then one, who boasts of much experienc'd age,
Unfolds the mystery of the glancing ray;
Shews streaming blood, where warring armies
rage,

And empires falling into swift decay.

Or, in the seeming conflict of the skies,
The dread approaching hour is clearly seen,
When the dead nations shall together rise,
And nature pass, as it had never been.

If harmless meteors give such horrors birth,
What dread ineffable must strike the soul
Of indolence—unthinking son of earth!
When raging flames extend to either pole?

When the dire crash of many a falling world,
Thro' Heav'n's vast space doth horribly re-
found;

The crash, to which ten thousand thunders
hurl'd,

At the same time were music's tend'rest found?

Oh! happy virtue! who in faith art strong!

Who tak'st the *Everlasting* for thy aid;

To thee—to thee alone it doth belong,

To view this wreck of nature undismay'd.

Ye, who pursue fantastic pleasures round,

O learn to turn from her deceitful way,

To those blest regions where delights are found,

Whose sweets ambrosial, never know decay!

Taste, and speak truly of each joy ye meet,

Look o'er this scene, and tell how it ap-
pears;

Is there not bitter mingled with each sweet,

Is not this world a very vale of tears?

Ye wretched many, who too oft rejoice,

To glut with riot in her sensual sty;

Who madly make foul infamy your choice,

And to your lusts, nor health, nor peace deny.

Will ye be ever slaves to appetite?

Will ye for ever glory in your sin?

Yet little know, with what ye call delight,

The bitterest cares and anguish still begin.

The

The cup insatiate luxury doth present,
 May charm the heart—may sparkle in the eyes;
 But 'tis, by her, from vilest motives sent,
 For in it worse than adders' poison lies.

'Tis better cancers gnaw the tend'rest part,
 And on each joint rheumatic tortures dwell;
 Than feel the stings of conscience at the heart;
 For stings of conscience are the stings of hell.

Ye want not warnings to forsake your way;
 The sad funereal knell ye often hear;
 Fall not your friends?—Hark! from the tomb
 they say,
 "Short was our race—short will be your ca-
 reer."

Yet to learn this, ye need not read the tomb;
 No minutes come, but like an angel cries,
 "The past is lost—futuraity is gloom,
 "The present snatch—Eternity's the prize!"

Thwart no this counsel, on the watch be found;
 Oh! trim your lamps—the foe perchance is
 near!

Lo! safety's yours, tho' falling worlds resound,
 Altho' expiring time's last groans ye hear.

Lo! where the moon, sweet majesty of night!
 Doth on her ebon throne her reign resume:
 See, see! she comes, with train divinely bright,
 Shedding a flood of splendour o'er the gloom.

Come,

Come, Meditation, on thy strongest wing,
 Bear me aloft!—O let me reach the skies!
 And catch, enraptur'd, what those systems sing,
 To their Creator as they set and rise.

Thought, to God's glory, cannot set a bound,
 Nor stint his wond'rous workings to a space;
 To him, mean are the largest regions found,
 In him—in him is never-ending grace.

Who, far above all height, exalted high,
 Looks downward, blessing all the heav'nly kind;
 Who is so great, that to his sacred eye,
 Those worlds are poor—creations whole confin'd.

And yet thus high—thus great—thus glorious he
 Doth—wond'rous matchless grace—doth con-
 descend

Upon a breathing atom—upon me
 To look—nay, more, to be my guardian friend.

My soul, to adore this grace, 'be thy employ,
 My soul, upon this rock alone rely;
 He is the fountain of life's every joy,
 He can support thee thro' eternity.

Are your misfortunes numerous as the beams
 Of summer suns;—your wants like sea-shore
 sands?

These, he can bid to pass as airy dreams,
 Those, more than satisfy from his blest hands.

Doth

Doth vice attempt to lure thee from thy way?
 Doth every human woe thy peace annoy?
 Hold fast to him, and thou shalt never stray,
 And all those woes shall ripen into joy.

Thou canst not be so much immers'd in woe,
 But he can glorious exaltation give;
 Nay, not alone exalt—he can bestow
 More than thou ask'st—more than thou can'st
 conceive.

This power, consider ye, who wayward stray
 Far from the path, which God hath said is
 right;

Consider this, nor longer shape your way,
 To catch a shadow's shade, you call delight.

Can ye prove ingrates to those bounteous hands,
 That more than plenty to your wants bestow?
 Can ye run counter to his just commands,
 Who is the fount, whence ev'ry joy doth flow?

Oh! let a love of purest, gentlest kind
 Win ye, as children, to eternal grace!
 To do his laws—which ye will easy find,
 To tread his paths—which are the paths of
 peace.

Oft have I stood, caught with an infant flow'r,
 That op'ning gave its beauties to the view;
 My soul amaz'd at that all-knowing pow'r,
 Who form'd its parts so exquisitely true.

I've wonder'd oft at his unerring skill,
 Who certify'd each particle of dust;
 Who, in a balance, nicely pois'd each hill,
 And did the waters in his hand adjust.

Oh! teach my soul, great God, to acquiesce
 With whatsoe'er thy pleasures may decree!
 Tho' gall's my cup—my pillow worst distress,
 For wisdom only doth belong to thee.

Goodness alone, doth unto God belong,
 This truth all nature speaks unto my breast;
 But with what emphasis by yonder throng,
 This glorious truth's to ev'ry land exprest!

There's not a blossom opening to the day,
 But wears this language on its bosom wrote;
 There's not a tenant on the verdant spray,
 But tunes this language in its every note.

There's not an herb, even that which meanest
 seems,
 But in its properties this language bears;
 There's not a finny native of the streams,
 But this sweet language in its end declares.

There's not a fruit, which summer's warmth
 bestows,
 But to the sense this language doth convey;
 There's not an insect, which the summer knows,
 But in its life this language doth display.

Let

Let art auxiliar prove unto thine eye,
Then view the sweet leaf which has newly
blown;

A little world in it thou wilt descry,
An epicurean race, till then unknown.

There's scarce a single atom of the earth,
That work to insect labourers denies ;,
All liquids give peculiar tribes their birth,
In each a navigation legion plies.

The air, which in the purest current flows,
Is thickly colony'd—nay, ev'ry stone,,
Within its gloomy cloisters doth disclose
A numerous hermit-people of its own.

Demand you wherefore this vast family,
That mocks the power of numbers to express ;
The Almighty will commanded them to be,
That they should freely taste of happiness.

Ask you, why worlds innumerable deck the
skies,

And to those worlds why did his will bestow
Beings, that on the scale of life arise,
Beings, that still more of perfection know ?

That all with wonder and delight should see
His wisdom, and his glorious excellence ;,
But rather, that his sacred hand should be
Employ'd to them, in pure beneficence.

Employ'd

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And did the waters in his hand adjust.

Oh! teach my soul, great God, to acquiesce
With whatsoe'er thy pleasures may decree!
Tho' gall's my cup—my pillow worst distress,
For wisdom only doth belong to thee.

Goodness alone, doth unto God belong,
This truth all nature speaks unto my breast;
But with what emphasis by yonder throng,
This glorious truth's to ev'ry land express'd!

There's not a blossom opening to the day,
But wears this language on its bosom wrote;
There's not a tenant on the verdant spray,
But tunes this language in its every note.

There's not an herb, even that which meanest
seems,
But in its properties this language bears;
There's not a finny native of the streams,
But this sweet language in its end declares.

There's not a fruit, which summer's warmth
bestows,
But to the sense this language doth convey;
There's not an insect, which the summer knows,
But in its life this language doth display.

Let

Let art auxiliar prove unto thine eye,
Then view the sweet leaf which has newly
blown;

A little world in it thou wilt descry,
An epicurean race, till then unknown.

There's scarce a single atom of the earth,
That work to insect labourers denies;
All liquids give peculiar tribes their birth,
In each a navigation legion plies.

The air, which in the purest current flows,
Is thickly colony'd—nay, ev'ry stone,
Within its gloomy cloisters doth disclose
A numerous hermit-people of its own.

Demand you wherefore this vast family,
That mocks the power of numbers to express;
The Almighty will commanded them to be,
That they should freely taste of happiness.

Ask you, why worlds innumerable deck the
skies,

And to those worlds why did his will bestow
Beings, that on the scale of life arise,
Beings, that still more of perfection know?

That all with wonder and delight should see
His wisdom, and his glorious excellence;
But rather, that his sacred hand should be
Employ'd to them, in pure beneficence.

Employ'd

Employ'd each moment, blessings to bestow,
Blessings, to gladden every living heart;
To teach the stream of pleasure how to flow,
That joy in each degree it should impart.

Would'st thou be great, would'st thou obtain a
crown?

A crown, more worth than if a world were
giv'n?

Would'st thou be more than Cæsar in renown,
Subdue thyself—thy prize—thy prize is heav'n.

But cease, my song, for night resigns her reign,
And westward doth, with all her vapours hie;
With joy I see the cheerful day again,
Kindling its colours in the orient sky.

When thus the night of this life's varying day,
Is o'er—upon the virtuous soul beams morn;
Eternal morn—where pleasure still is gay,
Where joy crowns joy, and transport still is
born.

A.

THE

THE LINNET.

COLIN had taken a Linnet in a thicket.—He caged it first in the hollow of his hands, and ran, delighted with his prize, to rejoin his flock.—Putting his hat upon the ground, he placed the captive under it:—"There, little flutterer," said he, "quiet thyself in this confinement, till I fetch, from the neighbouring stream, the oziars for thy cage;—in less than an hour I promise my little prisoner an apartment more commodious. — What pleasure will it be to offer the charming Chloris this new pledge of tenderness!—She must at least give me two kisses—I could not afford it for less;—and if she should give me but one, with a little address I can take five or six.—Oh! that the cage were already finished!"—He said—and making the best of his way soon gained the lake, cut the oziars, and returned with the bundle under his arm.—But who will form any certain reliance upon worldly expectations!—guess the surprize and sorrow of our shepherd on his return?—a perfidious wind had overset his hat;—away flew the bird, and carried with it the kisses upon its wings!

Note.

Note.—The above little pastoral, besides abounding with native, simple elegance, teaches us what very little dependance is to be placed on worldly expectations, and how liable our fancied schemes of happiness are to be overfet, by every adverse blast of fortune.

A.

TRUE RICHES.

RICHES, chance may take and give;

Beauty lives a day, and dies;

Honor lulls us while we live,

Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is then nothing worth our care,

Time, and chance, and death, our foes?

If our joys so fleeting are,

Are we only ty'd to woes?

Let bright Virtue answer—"No!—"

"With me is found retreat from pain;

"When honor, riches, cease to flow,

"My eternal charms remain."

A.

ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN MASON,

—Who, though but three-score and three years old at his death, yet lived and flourished in the reigns of four princes, *viz.* Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; and was a Privy Counsellor to them all, and eye-witness of the various revolutions and vicissitudes of those times. Towards his latter end, being on his death-bed, he called for his clerk and steward, and delivered himself in these words:—

“ Lo! here have I lived to see five princes,
“ and have been a privy counsellor to four of
“ them;—I have seen the most remarkable ob-
“ servables in foreign parts, and have been pre-
“ sent at most state transactions for thirty years
“ together; and have learned this, after so many
“ years experience, that seriousness is the great-
“ est wisdom, temperance the best physic, and
“ a good conscience the best estate:—and were
“ I to live again, I would change the court for
“ a cloister—my privy counsellor’s bustles for
“ an hermit’s retirement—and the whole life I
“ lived in the palace, for an hour’s enjoyment
“ of God in the chapel: All things else forsake
“ me, but my God, my duty, and my prayer.”

A.

AN EVENING HYMN.

AT this still hour—when round us the dark
veil

Of solemn silence, is by Nature drawn;
Let not thy tongue forget to praise that *God*,
Whose mercy hath sustained me thro' the day.
Ascend, my soul—begin thy daring flight
Thro' traceless ways—from *Him* a beaming ray
Of heavenly wisdom, shall direct thy steps.
That *Power*, whose mercy and whose goodness
shines

On all his works;—*He*, whose discerning eye
Pervades all nature with a single glance,
Will smile with kind regard, when breathing *dust*
Attempts to speak its great Creator's praise.

Nor less at this still hour, this solemn scene,
Thy wisdom shines—than when the radiant sun
Rises all glorious in the eastern sky,
And brings new beauties with the new-born day.

Night is a season that inclines the soul
To contemplation.—Pensive, pleasing thoughts
Will then find room;—*Reason* resumes her seat,
Her chosen empire in the human breast;
Passion be still—away you busy train,
Of hopes and fears;—let reason's voice be heard;
Her

Her dictates will direct—her counsel guide,
Through life's unstable and tempestuous sea.

How still—how solemn—and serene the hour!
How sweetly pleasing every object round!
The general buz of business, pleasure, care,
Is at an end;—for in this lov'd retreat,
Envy, ambition, avarice ne'er disturb
The peaceful slumbers of the humble swain:
With mind, composed and calm,
He sinks to rest.—O! happy envied state!
Unknown to thousands!—Placidly serene,
Unbroke by cares, still may those slumbers be!

But rise, my soul!—rise from those lower
scenes,
And upwards take thy flight!—Yon rolling orbs,
And all yon vast unmeasurable space,
What are they?—Humbled in the dust,
Frail as thou art—on so sublime a theme
Befits thee not to sing.—Yet, *gracious God!*
Creator wise—eternal—and supreme!
Thou giv'st the *will*—likewise the *power* to praise
Thy wond'rous works;—thy works, that far ex-
ceed

The narrow limits of a finite mind
To comprehend—unaided by thy power.

Source of all good! from thee, from thee alone
We look for help.—To thee the humble soul,

In

In holy aspiration, still ascends ;
 Assist her flight !—O ! loose those chains of
 earth

That wou'd retard those efforts which she makes
 To soar aloft, and mingle with the stars :
 There wou'd she fix—there wou'd she gladly
 join

The voice of millions in the general hymn
 Of praise and prayer—and can the human mind
 So high ascend ;—and may we dare to hope,
 When cleans'd, and purify'd from mortal sin,
 To gain admittance—nay, still more—to join
 The Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! which ascends
 Before his throne, with one united voice !
 Oh ! bliss supreme !—Oh ! glory too, *too* great !
 How the heart throbs, and trembling scarce be-
 lieves

The joyful truth ?—Yet, doubt it not, my soul ;
 Ever remember that thy bounteous God,
 Who is all powerful, is all *gracious* too ;
Mercy and *love* his darling attributes,
 And all mankind are his peculiar care :
 In *him* repose thy trust ;—to him alone
 Belong thy vows :—How poor, compared with
 him,

Appears each scene of fondly fancied bliss ?
 But here's a solid basis for the soul
 Whereon to build her hopes—a rock unmov'd,
 Eternal and secure.——

Shou'd

Shou'd this fair frame—should the whole universe

At once dissolve—and in the mighty void
Chaos again resume his shapeless throne;
Shou'd the bright sun, and his enlivening beams
At once be lost;—and, thou, whose borrowed
light,

With softest lustre well supplies his place;
And all yon planets, the suppos'd abode
Of intellectual life;—shou'd these dissolve,
And shine no more to charm the wond'ring
eye,

Yet safe from change—invariable still
Wou'dst *thou* remain;—Eternal, first and last.
Of all created beings the sole cause,
Sole maker, sole Preserver, and sole *friend*.

ROCKCLIFF.

MARIA.

THE

THE NEGRO BOY.

AN AFRICAN PRINCE, now in England (1791),
 being asked, what he gave for his Watch,
 answered—"What I will never give again—
 I gave a fine boy for it."

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,
 And foolish thoughts alone bear sway,
 Man turns a savage to his kind,
 And blood and rapine mark the way;
 Alas! for this poor simple toy,
 He gave a lovely Negro Boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride;
 Tho' black, yet comely to the view;
 He tore him helpless from their side,
 And gave him to a ruffian crew;
 To fiends, that Afric's coast annoy,
 He sold the lovely Negro Boy!

From country, friends, and parents torn,
 His tender limbs in chains confin'd;
 He saw him on the billows borne,
 And mark'd his agony of mind;
 But still to gain this simple toy,
 He gave away the Negro Boy!

In isles that deck the western wave,
He doom'd the hapless youth to dwell;
A poor forlorn insulted slave;
A beast that Christians buy and sell,
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much enduring Negro Boy!

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hopes to see the youth return,
But all their hopes and sighs are vain;
They never shall the sight enjoy,
Of their lamented Negro Boy!

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime;
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime;
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor dejected Negro Boy!

But *He* who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice, in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempests bind,
Or wing the light'ning thro' the sky,
In his own time, will sure destroy
The oppressors of the Negro Boy!

ANNA.

ON THE
DEATH OF AN INFANT.

PRETTY primrose!—filken flower!

How soon has unrelenting death,
Early wanderer of an hour!

Robb'd thee of thy rosy breath?

But thou wert a flow'r too fair,

On our coarser soil to thrive;

So thou art transplanted where,

Little Angel, thou shalt live.

ANNA.

THE NOSEGAY.

—IT was in the month of April, when, as I was walking one morning along St. James's-street, I was addressed by a young woman, who, in a gentle and persuasive tone of voice, entreated me to buy a nosegay of her; and as she framed her petition, she opened a small band-box which she carried under her arm, and discovered half a dozen bouquets, composed of
flowers

flowers which were not yet in season. Though she was very pretty, and I was going to pay a visit to Lady B——, I had resolved to purchase one before I considered the beauty of the girl, or recollected that the vernal offspring would make my visit to Lady B—— more gracious :—A certain gentleness of spirit appeared so visible in the character of the girl, that the moment she began to utter her petition I was resolved to grant it.—There have been moments of my life, I am almost ashamed to say it, when I should have drawn my purse with reluctance to give a poor miserable daughter of distress five shillings for a few flowers, and when I had done it, gone on my way dissatisfied with myself—railing at art and luxury, and offering up fifty dirty ejaculations to nature; but I was now awake to better feelings, and I do declare, in the awful name of truth, that I have seldom experienced a higher satisfaction than when I put two half-crowns into the damsel's hand, and received, with the nosegay, a curt'sey, and look of acknowledgment, which were worth more than I could bestow upon her.

I never in my life was led by my feelings to make any little deviation from what is called common-prudence, but I was somehow or other more than recompensed by the events to which they conducted me.—Nature does not

scatter her beauties on either side of the way in vain, and he who travels on, without turning to the right or to the left, loses many a beautiful prospect, and a thousand delicious scenes, which must be for ever hid from their eyes, whose dispositions do not lead them now and then to turn aside from the straight road of life. I wish to be happy, and while these wanderings of the affections give that colour and variety which add so much to the happiness of life, I shall build my comforts upon better, and more certain principles than one half of those whom envy suspects to be happy.

Having received the flowers, and purchased a sheet of writing paper, to prevent their freshness from being withered by the warmth of my hand, I proceeded on my way in perfect good humour with myself, and of course with all the world; when, as I was crossing a small court, I was almost stunned with the vociferous exclamation of a man crying his rabbits; some of which he had hanging upon each end of a pole that balanced on his shoulder.—The singular cry of the man drew my attention, and I immediately observed that my nosegay had attracted his.—As I drew nearer to him his eyes seemed to rivet themselves to the flowers, and when I raised them to my head to enjoy their fragrance, he raised his eyes also.—When I had

4

passed

passed him, I could not refrain from looking back to see whether this extraordinary attention was following me; I therefore stood still, and as he approached me he cried out—"May God in Heaven prosper you, and never wound your heart with the sorrows which afflict mine."——

"I perceive, honest friend," said I, "what the benevolence of thy wish arises from a deep sense of thy own misery; what may it be?"——

"Alas! Sir, answered he, those flowers I believe wou'd restore my Jenny to life; she has talked of nothing but roses all this morning, and I think the smell of them might do her some good;—do, Sir, for the sake of Heaven, give them to me; who knows but they may revive her? if not, I will strew them over her grave."——

—I instantly put the nosegay into his hand, he thanked me with a tear, and hastened towards the street; I pursued his steps, not knowing whither I went, till, after some time he entered a house; and when he had given his rabbits to a girl of about fourteen years of age, who sat weeping at the bottom of the stairs; I followed him into a small room, where a woman lay in a bed without curtains, to all appearance entirely senseless;—an old nurse sat by the bed side, and was flapping the flies from off the sick person's face with a feather.—As the poor man entered the room—"I have flowers for thee, my Jenny, said he; thou didst call for roses

this morning, and Heaven has sent thee some to comfort and refresh thee."——He then knelt down by the bed, and held the flowers to her nose, and then put them into her hand, and laid them upon her bosom; and after fetching a deep sigh, he kissed her.—“Dear heart!” said the nurse, “she did indeed rave this morning, and talk of flowers, and roses; but the poor soul will never speak again, the hand of death is upon her.”

The poor man appeared to be wholly inattentive to what was said, and now he looked at his wife, and then at the nosegay, and then again at his wife, till at length, as he was waving the flowers over her face with an air of disconsolation, a leaf fell from one of the roses, and rested upon her cheek, now pale with death: It was a melancholy contrast, and he felt all the force of it; for after endeavouring to speak, but in vain, he burst into such a flood of tears that I could no longer support it; I therefore left the melancholy scene, and had traversed many streets before I awoke from the deep impression which it made upon my spirits. I then tried to measure back my way, but it was a vain attempt.—On the next day I returned with a friend; but notwithstanding all our industry we could not discover the poor fellow's habitation. I then employed a person to watch in the court
where

where I first saw him, for a whole week together, but his endeavour was also fruitless; and I cannot drive from me the sorrowful apprehension, that when he had lost his Jenny, he lost his senses, or is since dead of a broken heart.

A.

ANTIENT ANECDOTE.

HIERON, king of Syracuse, having prayed of Simonides to tell him what was God; the Poet asked a day to examine the question;—the next day he asked two;—and every day he doubled always the time. The King, surprized at his conduct, desired to know the cause; I do so, answered Simonides, because the more I examine the matter, the more incomprehensible it seems.

ALWIN AND RENA.

ASK you why round yon hallow'd grave
 The myrtle and the laurel bloom?
 There sleep the lovely and the brave;
 O shed a tear upon their tomb!

"O! cease, my love, these vain alarms!"
 —For war prepared, young Alwin said—

"For I must quit my Rena's arms;
 "My bleeding country asks my aid!"

"Yes, I will check this bursting sigh;
 "Yes, I will check these flowing tears:

"A smile shall brighten in my eye,
 "My bosom shall dispel its fears?"

"You try, indeed, to force a smile,
 "Yet sorrow's drops bedew your cheek;
 "You speak of peace—yet, ah! the while,
 "Your sighs will scarcely let you speak!"

"Go, Alwin!—Rena bids thee go;
 "She bids thee seek the fields of death;
 "Go, Alwin, rush amid the foe;
 "Go, and return with vict'ry's wreath!"

A thrilling blast the trumpet blew;
 The milk-white courser paw'd the ground:
 A mix'd delight young Alwin knew;
 While Rena shudder'd at the sound—

Yet

Yet strove to check the rising fears,
Which now with double fury swell;
And, faintly smiling thro' her tears,
She falter'd out a long farewell!

Three tedious moons, with cheerless ray,
Had vainly gilt the face of night:
Nor yet the hero took his way,
To bless his drooping Rena's sight!

At length, thro' Rena's fav'rite grove,
When now the fourth her radiance shed,
He came—and vict'ry's wreath was wove,
But, ah!—around a lifeless head!

Distracted at the blasting sight,
To yonder tall cliff's bending brow,
With beating breasts, she urg'd her flight,
And would have fought the waves below!

But while, with steady gaze, she view'd
The foaming billows, void of fear,
Religion at her right-hand stood,
And whisper'd to her soul—"Forbear!"

And now the storm of grief was o'er,
Yet Melancholy's weeping eye
Distill'd the slow and silent show'r,
Nor ceas'd—till life's own springs were
dry!

For *this*, around yon hallow'd grave
 The myrtle and the laurel bloom:
 There sleep the lovely, and the brave;
 O! shed a tear upon their tomb!

A.

E P I T A P H

ON AN

ORPHAN BEGGAR CHILD.

TO find an *earthly* home, in vain I try'd;
 But Heaven has granted what the world deny'd;
 No forrowing friends surround my lowly bier;
 No parent wrings the hand, or drops the tear;
 An orphan, friendless here, shall now no more
 His absent parents, or his fate deplore.
 Hear! 'pamper'd slaves of luxury, and pride!
 Ye, who in gorgeous palaces reside!
 The same Creator bounteously hath given
 A wand'rer here a passport safe to heav'n.

LAURENCE.

ANOTHER,

A N O T H E R,

ON A

P O O R . H O N E S T M A N .

STOP, Reader, here, and deign a look
On one without a name,
E'er entered in the ample book
Of fortune, or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, a *spotless life*,
An *honest heart*, his crest.

Quartered therewith, was innocence,
And thus his motto ran ;
A conscience void of all offence,
Before both God and man.

In the great day of wrath—tho' pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands wou'd wish they'd been ally'd
To this great family.

A.

A MILITARY

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

—SILENCE is oftentimes more expressive than speech.—Two French grenadiers, who had served many years under Marshal Saxe, agreed to go together to visit the tomb of their deceased general:—When arrived at the monument, after contemplating it some time in a silence expressive of the most poignant grief, and most awful veneration, each drew his sword, and, with an affecting solemnity, waving it over the remains of their beloved commander, went away without uttering a single syllable. What form of language could be more expressive, or affecting, than this mute sorrow?

ARMINE

ARMINE AND ELVIRA,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

A HERMIT on the banks of *Trent*,
Far from the world's bewildering maze,
To humbler scenes of calm content,
Had fled from brighter, busser days.

If haply from his guarded breast
Should steal the unsuspected sigh,
And memory, an unbidden guest,
With former passions fill'd his eye :

Then pious hope and duty prais'd
The wisdom of th' *unerring* sway ;
And while his eye to heaven he rais'd,
Its silent waters sunk away.

Life's gayer ensigns once he bore—
Ah ! what avails the mournful tale ?
Suffice it, when the scenes were o'er,
He fled to the sequester'd vale.

" What

- " What tho' the joys I lov'd so well,
 " The charms," he cry'd, " that youth has
 known,
 " Fly from the Hermit's lonely cell !
 " Yet is not *Armine* still my own ?
 " Yes, *Armine*, yes, thou valu'd youth !
 " 'Midst ev'ry grief thou still art mine !
 " Dear pledge of *Winifreda's* truth,
 " And solace of my life's decline !
 " Tho' from the world and worldly care
 " My wearied mind I mean to free,
 " Yet every hour that Heaven can spare,
 " My *Armine*, I devote to thee.
 " And sure that Heaven my hopes shall bless,
 " And make thee fam'd for virtues fair,
 " And happy too, if happiness
 " Depends upon a parent's prayer :
 " Last hope of life's departing day,
 " In whom its future scenes I see !
 " No truant thought shall ever stray
 " From this lone hermitage and thee."

Thus, to his humble fate resign'd,
 His breast each anxious care foregoes ;
 All but the care of *Armine's* mind,
 The dearest task a parent knows !

And

And well were all his cares repaid ;
In *Armine's* breast each virtue grew,
In full maturity display'd,
To fond affection's anxious view.

Nor yet neglected were the charms,
To polish'd life that grace impart ;
Virtue, he knew, but feebly warms
Till Science humanize the heart.

And when he saw the lawless train
Of passions in the youthful breast,
He curb'd them not with rigid rein,
But strove to soothe them into rest.

" Think not, my son, in this," he cry'd,

" A father's precept shall displease :

" No—be each passion gratify'd,

" That tends to happiness or ease.

" Nor shall the ungrateful task be mine,

" Their native generous warmth to blame,

" That warmth of reason's suffrage join

" To point the object and the aim.

" This suffrage wanting, know, fond boy,

" That every passion proves a foe :

" Tho' much it deals in promis'd joy,

" It pays, alas ! in certain woe.

" Complete ambition's wildest scheme ;

" In power's most brilliant robes appear ;

" Indulge in fortune's golden dream ;

" Then ask thy breast if peace be there :

" No :

" No : it shall tell thee, peace retires
 " If once of her lov'd friends depriv'd ;
 " Contentment calm, subdu'd desires,
 " And happiness that's self-deriv'd."

To temper, thus the stronger fires
 Of youth he strove, for well he knew,
 Boundless as thought tho' man's desires,
 The real wants of life were few.

And oft revolving in his breast,
 Th' insatiate love of wealth or fame,
 He, with no common care oppress'd,
 To fortune thus would oft exclaim :

" O, Fortune ! at thy croud'd shrine,
 " What wretched worlds of supplants bow !
 " For ever hail'd thy power divine,
 " For ever breath'd the serious vow.

" With tott'ring pace and feeble knee,
 " See age advance in shameless haste,
 " The palsy'd hand is stretch'd to thee,
 " For wealth he wants the power to taste.

" See, led by hope the youthful train,
 " Her fairy dreams their hearts have won ;
 " She points to what they ne'er shall gain,
 " Or dearly gain—to be undone.

" Must I too form the votive prayer,
 " And wilt thou hear one suppliant more ?
 " His prayer, O Fortune ! deign to hear,
 " To thee who never pray'd before.

" O may

" O may, one dear, one favour'd youth,
" May *Armine* still thy pow'r disclaim;
" Kneel only at the shrine of truth,
" Count freedom wealth, and virtue fame!"

Lo! to his utmost wishes blest,
The prayer was heard; and freedom's flame,
And truth, the sunshine of the breast,
Were *Armine's* wealth, were *Armine's* fame.

His heart no selfish cares confin'd,
He felt for all that feel distress,
And, still benevolent and kind
He bless'd them, or he wish'd to bless.

For what tho' Fortune's frown deny,
With wealth to bid the sufferer live;
Yet Pity's hand can oft supply
A balm she never knew to give:

Can oft with lenient drops assuage
The wounds no ruder hand can heal,
When grief, despair, distraction, rage,
While death the lips of love shall seal.

Ah! then, his anguish to remove,
Depriv'd of all his heart holds dear,
How sweet the still surviving love
Of friendship's smile, of pity's tear!

This knew the Sire: He oft would cry,
" From these, my son, O ne'er depart!
" These tender charities, that tie
" In mutual league the human heart.

" Be

- “ Be thine those feelings of the mind,
“ That wake at honour's, friendship's, call ;
“ Benevolence, that unconfin'd,
“ Extends her liberal hand to all.
- “ By sympathy's untutor'd voice,
“ Be taught her social laws to keep ;
“ Rejoice, if human heart rejoice,
“ And weep, if human eye shall weep.
- “ The heart that bleeds for others woes,
“ Shall feel each selfish sorrow less ;
“ His breast, who happiness bestows,
“ Reflected happiness shall bless.
- “ Each ruder passion still withstood,
“ That breaks o'er virtue's sober line,
“ The tender, noble, and the good
“ To cherish and indulge be thine.
- “ And yet, my *Armine*, might I name
“ One passion as a dangerous guest ;
“ Well mayst thou wonder when I blame,
“ The tenderest, noblest, and the best.
- “ Nature, 'tis true, with love design'd,
“ To smoothe the race our fathers ran ;
“ The savage of the human kind,
“ By love was soften'd into man.
- “ As feels the ore the searching fire,
“ Expanding and refining too,
“ So fairer glow'd each fair desire,
“ Each gentler thought so gentler grew.
- “ How

" How chang'd, alas ! those happier days !

" A train how different now succeeds !

" While sordid avarice betrays,

" Or empty vanity misleads.

" Fled from the heart each nobler guest,

" Each genuine feeling we forego ;

" What nature planted in the breast,

" The flowers of love are weeds of woe.

" Hence all the pangs the heart must feel,

" Between contending passions tost,

" Wild jealousy's avenging steel,

" And life and fame and virtue lost !

" Yet falling life, yet fading fame,

" Compar'd to what his heart annoy,

" Who cherishes a hopeless flame,

" Are terms of happiness and joy.

" Ah ! then the soft contagion fly !

" And timely shun th' alluring bait !"

The rising blush, the downcast eye

Proclaim'd—the precept was too late.

PART THE SECOND.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Where art had form'd the moated isle,
An antique castle towering stood,
In Gothic grandeur rose the pile:

Here *Raymond*, long in arms renown'd,
From scenes of war would oft repair;
His bed an only daughter crown'd,
And smil'd away a father's care.

By nature's happiest pencil drawn,
She wore the vernal morning's ray:
The vernal morning's blushing dawn,
Breaks not so beauteous into day.

Her breast, impatient of controul,
Scorn'd in its silken chains to lie,
And the soft language of the soul,
Flow'd from her never-silent eye.

The bloom that open'd on her face,
Well seem'd an emblem of her mind,
Where snowy innocence we trace,
With blushing modesty combin'd.

To these resistless grace impart,
That look of sweetness form'd to please,
That elegance, devoid of art,
That dignity that's lost in ease.

What

What youth so cold could view unmov'd,
The maid that ev'ry beauty shar'd?
Her *Armine* saw, he saw, he lov'd,
He lov'd—alas! and he despair'd?

Unhappy youth! he sunk oppress'd,
For much he labour'd to conceal
That gentlest passion of the breast,
Which *all* can feign, but few can feel.

Ingenuous fears suppress the flame,
Yet still he own'd its hidden power;
With transport dwelling on her name,
He soothed the solitary hour.

“How long,” he cry'd, “must I conceal,
“What yet my heart could wish were known?
“How long the truest passion feel,
“And yet that passion fear to own?”

“Ah! might I breathe my humble vow!
“Might she too deign to lend an ear!
“*Elvira's* self should then allow,
“That *Armine* was at least sincere.

“Wild wish! to deem the matchless maid,
“Would listen to a youth like me,
“Or that my vows could e'er persuade,
“Sincere and constant tho' they be!

“Ah! what avail my love or truth?
“She listens to no lowly swain;
“Her charms must bless some happier youth,
“Some youth of fortune's titled train

“Then

" Then go, fallacious hope ! adieu !

" The flattering prospect I resign !

" And bear from my deluded view

" The bliss that never must be mine !

" Yet will the youth, whoe'er he be,

" In truth or tenderness excel ?

" Or will he on thy charms like me

" With fondness never-dying dwell ?

" Will he with thine his hopes unite ?

" With ready zeal thy thoughts improve ?

" With fond attention and delight

" Each wish prevent, each fear remove ?

" Will he, still faithful to thy charms,

" For constant love be long rever'd ?

" Nor quit that bliss within thy arms,

" By every tender tie endear'd ?

" What tho' his boastful heart be vain,

" Of all that birth or fortune gave ?

" Yet is not mine, tho' rude and plain,

" At least as noble and as brave ?

" Then be its tender suit preferr'd !

" Its tender sighs *Elvira* hear !

" In vain I sigh—but sigh unheard ;

" Unpity'd falls this lonely tear !"

Twice twelve revolving moons had past,

Since first he caught the fatal view ;

Unchang'd by time his sorrows last,

Uncheer'd by hope his passion grew.

That

That passion to indulge he fought
In *Raymond's* groves the deepest shade,
There fancy's haunting spirit brought
The image of his long-lov'd maid.

But, hark! what more than mortal sound
Steals on attention's raptur'd ear!
The voice of harmony around
Swells in wild whispers soft and clear.

Can human hand a tone so fine
Sweep from the string with touch profane?
Can human lip with breath divine
Pour on the gale so sweet a strain?

'Tis she—the source of *Armine's* woe—
'Tis she—whence all his joy must spring—
From her lov'd lips the numbers flow,
Her magic hand awakes the string.

Now, *Armine*, now thy love proclaim,
Thy instant suit the time demands;
Delay not—tumult shakes his frame!
And lost in extacy he stands!

What magic chains thee to the ground?
What star malignant rules the hour,
That thus in fixed delirium drown'd,
Each sense intranc'd hath lost its power?

The trance dispel! awake! arise!
Speak what untutor'd love inspires!
The moment's past—thy wild surprise
She sees, nor unalarm'd retires.

“ Stay,

" Stay, sweet illusion! stay thy flight!

" 'Tis gone!—*Elvira's* form it wore—

" Yet one more glimpse of short delight!

" 'Tis gone, to be beheld no more!

" Fly, loitering feet! the charm pursue

" That plays upon my hopes and fears!

" Hah!—no illusion mocks my view!

" 'Tis she—*Elvira's* self appears!

" And shall I on her steps intrude?

" Alarm her in these lonely shades?

" O stay, fair nymph! no ruffian rude

" With base intent your walk invades.

" Far gentler thoughts"—his fault'ring tongue
By humble diffidence restrain'd,

Paus'd in suspense—but thus e'er long,

As love impell'd, its power regain'd.

" Far gentler thoughts that form inspires;

" With me far gentler passions dwell;

" This heart hides only blameless fires,

" Yet burns with what it fears to tell.

" The fault'ring voice that fears controul,

" Blushes that inward fires declare,

" Each tender tumult of the soul

" In silence owns *Elvira* there."

He said; and as the trembling dove

Sent forth to explore the wat'ry plain,

Soon fear'd her flight might fatal prove,

And sudden sought her ark again,

His

His heart recoil'd ; as one that ra'd
 What he too hastily confest,
 And all the rising soul subdu'd
 Sought refuge in his inmost breast.

The tender strife *Elvira* saw
 Distrest ; and as some parent mild,
 When arm'd with words and looks of awe,
 Melts o'er the terrors of her child,

Reproof prepar'd and angry fear
 In soft sensations died away ;
 They felt the force of *Almiré's* tear,
 And fled from pity's rising sway.

“ That mournful voice, that modest air,
 “ Young stranger, speak the courteous breast,
 “ Then why to these rude scenes repair,
 “ Of shades the solitary guest ?

“ And who is she whose fortunes bear
 “ *Elvira's* melancholy name ?
 “ O may those fortunes prove more fair,
 “ Than hers who sadly owns the same !”

“ Ah ! gentle maid, in mine survey
 “ A heart,” he cries, “ that's yours alone !
 “ Long has it own'd *Elvira's* sway,
 “ Tho' long unnotic'd and unknown.

“ On Sherwood's old heroic plain
 “ *Elvira* grac'd the festal day,
 “ There, foremost of the youthful train,
 “ Her *Armine* bore the prize away.

“ There first that form my eyes survey’d
“ With future hopes that fill’d my heart;
“ But ah ! beneath that frown they fade—
“ Depart, vain, vanquish’d hopes ! depart.”

He said ; and on the ground his eyes
Were fix’d abash’d : the attentive maid,
Lost in the tumult of surprize,
The well-remember’d youth survey’d.

The transient colour went and came,
The struggling bosom sunk and rose,
The trembling tumults of her frame
The strong-conflicting soul disclose.

The time, the scene, she saw with dread,
Like Cynthia setting glanc’d away,
But scatter’d blushes as she fled,
Blushes that spoke a brighter day.

A friendly shepherd’s neighbouring shed
To pass the live-long night he sought,
And hope, the lover’s downy bed,
A sweeter charm than slumber brought.

On every thought *Elvira* dwelt,
The tender air, the aspect kind,
The pity that he found she felt,
And all the angel in her mind.

No self-plum’d vanity was there,
With fancied consequence elate ;
Unknown to her the haughty air
That means to speak superior state.

Her

Her brow no keen resentments arm,
No swell of empty pride she knew,
In trivial minds that takes the alarm,
Should humble love aspire to sue.

Such love, by flattering charms betray'd,
Shall yet, indignant, soon rebel,
And, blushing for the choice he made,
Shall fly where gentler virtues dwell.

'Tis then the mind, from bondage free,
And all its former weakness o'er,
Asserts its native dignity,
And scorns what folly priz'd before.

The scanty pane the rising ray
On the plain wall in diamonds threw,
The lover hail'd the welcome day,
And to his fav'rite scene he flew.

There soon *Elvira* bent her way,
Where long her lonely walks had been,
Nor less had the preceding day,
Nor *Armine* less endear'd the scene.

Oft, as she pass'd, her rising heart
Its strongest tenderness confess'd,
And oft she linger'd to impart,
To some soft shade, her secret breast.

"How flow the heavy hours advance,"
She cry'd, "since that eventful day,
"When first I caught the fatal glance,
"That stole me from myself away!"

- “ Ah! youth belov’d! tho’ low thy birth,
“ The noble air, the manly grace,
“ That look that speaks superior worth,
“ Can fashion, folly, fear, erase?
- “ Yet sure from no ignoble stem
“ Thy lineage springs, tho’ now unknown:
“ The world censorious may condemn,
“ But, *Armine*, I am thine alone.
- “ To splendor only do we live?
“ Must pomp alone our thoughts employ?
“ All, all that pomp and splendor give
“ Is dearly bought with love and joy!
- “ But, oh!—the favor’d youth appears—
“ In pensive grief he seems to move;
“ My heart forebodes unnumber’d fears;
“ Support it, pity, virtue, love!
- “ Hither his footsteps seem to bend—
“ Come, resolution, to my aid!
“ My breast what varying passions rend!
“ Averse to go—to stay, afraid!”—
- “ Dear object of each fond desire
“ That throbs tumultuous in my breast!
“ Why with averted glance retire?
“ At *Armine*’s presence why distress?
- “ What tho’ he boasts no titled name,
“ No wide extent of rich domain?
“ Yet must he feed a fruitless flame,
“ Must truth and nature plead in vain?”
- “ Think

"Think not," she said, "by forms betray'd,
"To humbler worth my heart is blind;
"For soon shall every splendor fade,
"That beams not from the gifted mind.

"But first thy heart explore with care,
"With faith its fond emotions prove,
"Lurks no unworthy passion there?
"Prompts not ambition bold to love?"

"Yes, lovely maid," the youth replies,
"A bold ambition prompts my breast,
"The tow'ring hope that love supplies,
"The wish in blessing to be blest.

"The meaner prospects I despise
"That wealth, or rank, or pow'r bestow;
"Be yours the grov'ling bliss ye prize,
"Ye sordid minds that stoop so low!

"Be mine the more refin'd delights
"Of love that banishes controul,
"When the fond heart with heart unites,
"And soul's in unison with soul."

Elvira blush'd the warm reply,
(To love a language not unknown)
The milder glories fill'd her eye,
And there a softer lustre shone.

The yielding smile that's half suppress'd,
The short quick breath, the trembling tear,
The swell tumultuous of the breast,
In *Armine's* favour all appear.

At each kind glance their souls unite,
 While love's soft sympathy imparts
 That tender transport of delight,
 That beats in undivided hearts.

Respectful to his lips he prest
 Her yielded hand;—in haste away
 Her yielded hand she drew distrest,
 With looks that witness'd wild dismay.

“ Ah ! whence, fair excellence ! those fears ?

“ What terror unforeseen alarms ?”

“ See ! where a father's frown appears”——

She said, and sunk into his arms.

“ My daughter !—Heav'ns !—it cannot be—

“ And yet it must—O dire disgrace !

“ *Elvira* have I liv'd to see

“ Clasp'd in a peasant's vile embrace !

“ This daring guilt let death repay”——

His vengeful arm the javelin threw ;

With erring aim it wing'd its way,

And far, by fate averted, flew.

Elvira breathes—her pulses beat,

Returning life illumines her eye ;

Trembling a father's view to meet,

She spies a reverend Hermit nigh.

“ Your wrath,” she cries, “ let tears assuage,

“ Unheeded must *Elvira* pray !

“ O let an injured father's rage

“ This Hermit's sacred presence stay !

“ Yet

"Yet deem not, lost in guilty love

"I plead to save my virgin fame ;

"My weakness virtue might approve,

"And smile on nature's holy flame."——

"Oh! welcome to my hopes again,

"My son,"—the raptur'd Hermit cries,

"I sought thee sorrowing on the plain,"——

And all the father fill'd his eyes.

"Art thou," the raging *Raymond* said,

"Of this audacious boy the fire ?

"Curse on the dart that idly sped,

"Nor bade his peasant soul expire ?"

"His peasant soul !"——indignant fire

Flash'd from the conscious father's eye,

"A gallant Earl is *Armine's* fire,

"And know, proud chief, that earl am I.

"Tho' here within the Hermit's cell,

"I long have liv'd unknown to fame,

"Yet crowded camps and courts can tell—

"Thou too hast heard of *Egbert's* name."

"Ha! *Egbert* !—he, whom tyrant rage

"Forc'd from his country's bleeding breast ?

"The patron of my orphan age,

"My friend, my warrior, stands confest !

"But why ?"—"The painful story spare,

"That prostrate youth," said *Egbert*, "see ;

"His anguish asks a parent's care,

"A parent, once who pity'd thee !"

Raymond, as one, who glancing round,
 Seems from some sudden trance to start,
 Snatch'd the pale lovers from the ground,
 And held them trembling to his heart.

Joy, gratitude, and wonder shed
 United tears for Hymen's reign,
 And nature her best triumph led,
 For love and virtue join'd her train.

CARTWRIGHT.

TO THE
 A U T H O R
 OF

ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

TRUE to the cares that led my early youth
 Thro' paths where Science points to taste and
 truth ;
 True to the hopes that letter'd labour knows,
 Watching the bloom of genius as it blows ;
 True to the gen'rous pleasures that attend,
 When smiling fruits the cultur'd branches bend ;
 O ! with that muse, who gifts like these can
 give,
 Live in long favour, long affection live !

For

For me, who once with happier fortunes blest,
 Felt in the feast of life a finer zest;
 Who gain'd, unloaded with the weight of years,
 The port where every human vessel steers;
 Since death, with nature's noblest works at strife,
 Quench'd the fair star that smil'd upon my life:
 For me what charms, what lenitives remain,
 Save the soft measures of some soothing strain?
 And such were *thine* *; when in that lowly
 shade,

Where now, long lost, my tender hopes are laid,
 Thy tuneful woe stole sweetly on my ear,
 And thy eye swell'd the universal tear.

For such fair service may thy gentle heart,
 Where once I held, and long would hold a part,
 Should it beneath Almighty love's controul
 Sigh for the mutuality of soul,
 Meet each mild virtue in its future fair,
 Like *Armine* love, and find *Elvira* there.

LANGHORNE.

* Alluding to *CONSTANTIA*, an Elegy to the Memory of
 Mrs. L——.

RESIGNATION.

———THAT we are created with the innate power of being happy I am confident, and it is in a general sense pride, and not necessity, makes us infelicitous.—Edwin went from the rehearsal a few days since with the most uncomfortable sensations;—the futile cause was, having a dramatic part assigned him which he imagined not precisely proportioned to his ability:—Going through Round-court, near the Strand, gnashing his teeth, and biting his nails, his perturbation was suspended by this event——
 “Green and pretty bow-pots, two a-penny—
 “come, buy my bow-pots, ye pretty maids.—
 “Ah! God Almighty bless your honor, will
 “you buy a bow-pot for your window;—made
 “of the hazle-tree, with the nuts placed in order,
 “some lillies of the valley, wild rosemary,
 “and a few violets?”—sung, or rather whistled, a poor old woman, who offered him the most rural bouquet, with a look fraught with so much wisdom, that Edwin could not refrain from asking her a few questions.

How old are you, my poor woman?

Eighty-five, your honor, next Martlemass.

Where do you live?

At

At Finchley—replied the woman.

What is your name?

Ann Lawton, an' please your honor.

And did you walk from Finchley to-day?—
interrogated Edwin.

—Yes indeed, Sir; and hope, with God's blessing, to sleep there this night.

How much shall you make if you sell all your bow-pots?

Seven-pence halfpenny, Sir.

And when you have disposed of them, you will return contented to your cottage?

Yes! indeed I shall.—

Oh! Heavens! exclaimed Edwin; and shall we presume to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, when this calamitous creature, bending under the infirmities of age, and the pressure of property, can be thankful to her Creator for advantages that, comparatively, is misery in the extreme.—Do you enjoy a good state of health?

I was never sick but twice in my life, your honor; once on the death of my poor Billy; and another time, when my husband lay ill of an ague for nine weeks almost without food.

Did he survive the illness?

Ah! no, my sweet gentleman—said the hoof-worn doe, with her eyes full of tears;—it was

in

in the winter of the hard-frost, and he could not bear up against the blight; he died—and the stroke would certainly have broke my heart with grief, if it had not pleased God that it should be otherwise.

And did no one contribute to your relief?—said the repentant Comedian.

O, yes! a good lady in our neighbourhood sent us sixpence and some raspberry-wine; but, alas! it came too late: it was the will of Heaven it should be so, and it is our duty you know to bear the afflictions of God with patience.—Will your honor please to buy a bow-pot?

No! keep your bow-pots for better customers; but here is a shilling for you.

A shilling, your honor!—cried the other;—but, alack-a-day, I am so poor that I have no change!

I want no change, said Edwin;—you have given me a lesson of philosophy that has done me more service than all the sophistry of Shaftsbury, the black ethics of Hume, or the levities of Voltaire.—The practice of Christianity must be the foundation of happiness; and whoever disputes its pre-eminence over every other system of morality, is not only an enemy to himself, but a foe to the general interests of mankind.

The

The old woman dropped a courtsey—raised her feeble arms in the attitude of supplication, her eyes were pointed to Heaven;—she invoked a blessing upon him;—her prayer was heard, and it descended in the fair form of *Benevolent Pleasure*.

EDWIN.

ON BENEVOLENCE.

SEE the source of all light darts his rays from
above,

Which to nature new vigour afford;
And those rays are design'd, by the author of
love,

For a beggar, as well as a lord.

As form'd by one hand, and of reason possess'd,

We're nearly ally'd to each other;

And who, with the image of God in his breast,
But feels for the wants of a brother?

How happy is he who dispenses his mite

To those who dejectedly roam?

His heart feels the glow of a conscious delight,

Whilst he sends the poor wanderer home.

Tho'

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Whilst he sends the poor wanderer home.

Tho'

Tho' his wealth be made small, it will never decrease,

By the little thus piously given ;
Or granting it should—let the mind be at peace,
For he lays up a treasure in heaven.

A

C O N T E N T.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

HAIL! lovely, lovely maid!
With ev'ry charm array'd,
If on this lower earth thou deign'st to dwell ;
If on this rural green
Thy footsteps may be seen,
Or with the humble peasant in his cell.

Daughter of Heaven! attend ;
To thee my vows ascend ;
For thee the muse her trembling lyre shall string ;
With thee beneath the shade
Of whispering ozers laid,
I'll chaunt the beauties of the vernal spring.

Retir'd from pomp and noise,
Thou seek'st sublimer joys,
Joys, which from virtue and from friendship flow:

The

The placid humble mind,
The soul to Heaven resign'd,
Thro' life's vicissitudes thy influence know.

From rooms of gaudy state,
The mansions of the great,
Where fordid flattery courts th' attentive ear,
Thou quit'st the gay alcove,
And in the moss-grown grove
Thou seek'st for pleasure unalloy'd by care.

The long saloon, the sculptur'd gate
Where crouds of humble vassals wait
And lift the suppliant hands;
The spacious lawn, the green retreats,
That waft their aromatic sweets,
In vain thy stay commands.

'Tis Virtue, Virtue, heavenly maid!
In her own native worth array'd,
Who can thy influence boast,
With thee beneath the straw-built shed,
She lays her meek contented head,
Nor sighs for grandeur lost.

What tho' the scene be at an end
When fortune smil'd, and ev'ry friend
Enjoy'd the favoring gleam;
When all beneath th' enliv'ning ray
Buzz'd thro' the momentary day,
And dwelt on friendship's theme:

These now withdrawn, indulgent Heav'n,
 In lieu of these, *Content* has giv'n,
 To stop the rising sigh;
 To cheer the heart, compose the soul,
 Each wayward passion to controul,
 And wipe the tear-fraught eye.

Hail, lovely stranger! guest divine!
 For ever may thy influence shine
 Thro' life's perplexing road!
 Within my humble grateful heart
 Thy useful lessons still impart,
 And teach me what is good!

If for wise ends the Almighty power
 With-holds the yet unceasing shower
 Of blessings on my head;
 Let not my impious tongue complain,
 Or dare his justice to arraign,
 For transient pleasures fled.

By resignation in each woe,
 Still let me break the painful blow
 That might my peace destroy;
 Beyond earth's narrow limits view
 Joys yet untasted still, and new,
 Which never, never cloy.

ROCKCLIFF.

MARIA.

A

MOON-LIGHT WALK.

———"THE night is far advanced, and Cynthia, with her pallid rays, has silvered o'er the dappled landscape.—How beautiful does the distant scene appear! the silence that reigns around, creates a solemnity in the imagination. A star that has darted from its orbit, reminds me of immortality, when the spark divine which animates us, shoots from a weight of oppression, to peace, tranquillity, and joy."——

Let me for once quit the retreats of art;
The social circle, and the tapers blaze,
For scenes more solemn;—Such the pensive walk
By awful moonlight, in this lonely grove.
All hail! ye shades! whose solitary gloom
Fills the 'rapt soul with a religious awe
And aids her flight to the blest realms of bliss.
Her flight, how transient! sublunary joys
Still intervene—human attachments break
Her hold on heaven, and chain her to the earth.

But come, thou friend to virtue, and to peace!
Come, with those thoughts sedate, serene, and
pure,

Those

Those eyes that shed the intellectual beam
 Of heavenly wisdom!—clear, enlighten'd ray,
 Fair Contemplation!—daughter of the skies!
 Descend from thine own azure fields of light,
 And pour thine holiest influence on my soul;
 Teach rectitude of reason, and of thought,
 And resolution (virtue's other name)
 Powerful preservative from vice and woe,
 A fixt determination for the right,
 Unmindful of the laugh of folly's friends:
 Oh! come!—these scenes, these shades are all
 thy own.

Deep solitude and silence, sister-twins,
 Attend thy coming, and invite thee forth.
 No noise, no sound invade the list'ning ear,
 Or breaks the stillness of the peaceful night;
 None but what sooth the anxious thoughts to rest,
 And raise ideas solemn as the scene.

The western gale scarce whispers thro' the
 trees,
 And but just murmurs on the stream below;
 Sweet stream! fair * *Eden!* may thy ambient
 waves

Flow unpolluted to their briny source,
 And never more may the huge † deluge swell,
 With rapid force, thy gentle tide to break
 Its verdant banks, and spread destruction round.

* The river Eden in Cumberland.

† The overflowing of Solway Frith.

Still may the village-swains in safety share
Their fertile cultivated lands increase,
The just reward of their laborious toil.
Far from these banks—far from these peaceful
shades,

Let discontent, and pining anguish walk!
May this fair mansion justly boast the name
Of Eden!—seat of innocence and love!
Happy as that the epic muse has sung
In strains immortal, e'er the fatal thirst
Of knowledge taught the first of men to sin.

The busy world, and vanities of life,
Are distant now;—the self-created cares,
The fear inspiring ills that fancy form'd,
Are fled; and Folly now assumes
A different form;—disrob'd of fashion's charms,
No more with smiling aspect now she seems
To court attention, and entice the heart,
With well dissembled blandishments, astray.

Night!—awful night! unveils her daring front,
And shews the cheat to reason's piercing eye.
False phantom!—how beneath that smiling form
Lurks keen remorse, and a whole train of ills.

Hail! night! great teacher! and ye solemn
shades
That breathe instruction thro' the general calm,
And whisper moral lessons to the soul!

Be you, as now, the fair retreats of joy,
 The haunts of pleasure, and the paths of peace!
 Sweet scenes!—a R——e's muse can only sing
 Your varied charms, and give each charm its
 due ;

His true sublime, his elegance of thought,
 His delicate, descriptive pow'rs may draw
 Another Tempé from your rural shades.

For me, unaided by the muse's fire,
 A stranger, unacknowledg'd at her shrine,
 O'er whom the veil of dark obscurity
 Must ever rest, unnotic'd, and unknown :

Shall I presume?—how vain the weak at-
 tempt,

The feeble effort, and the artless strain?
 Then henceforth cease, and silently admire
 Those charms of nature, which thou fail'st to
 praise.

EDEN-BANKS.

MARIA.

ELEGY

ELEGY

ON AN

UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY,

WHO FELL A VICTIM TO THE VILLANY OF
HER SEDUCER.

ALAS! how transient all our bliss below!

Those lov'd possessions that we prize the most,
Whate'er the shifting scenes of life bestow
Of highest value, ah! how quickly lost?

Dear to her parents from her earliest dawn,
And fresh as primrose in the morning dew,
Or buds that open o'er the verdant lawn,
The boast of nature, lovely Mary grew.

All pure and innocent;—of soul sincere;
Up into bloom, alas! too soon she ran;
What time behoves in maidens to beware
The soft approaches of insidious man.

Those tender blossoms of the op'ning year,
Expanding early in the genial sun;
From chilling blasts, have ev'ry thing to fear,
And ere matur'd, are easily undone.

How

How oft from 'midst a thousand watchful eyes
Do guileful arts the Hesperian treasures win?
And virgin sweets become the spoilers prize,
By virtue guarded—but betray'd within?

Whene'er the viol gives its sprightly sound,
Free from her parent's and her friend's controul ;

The beauteous Mary trips the mazy round,
Of rural gambols, and of mirth the soul.

The youths are emulous of Mary's hand,
Delight and wonder of the young and fair ;
All life, I see her lead the sportive band,
Thoughtless of dangers that surround her there.

Light as the gossamer in air that strays ;
Thus doth the fly her giddy mazes run
In the soft radiance of the taper's blaze
This moment playful, but the next undone :

So fares it Mary, in a luckless hour,
The base, the vile, the ignoble spoiler came ;
Then ruthless leaves this sweetest maiden flow'r,
The wretched victim of remorse and shame.

How chang'd the charms of that resistless face,
Th' angelic brightness conscious worth bestows ;

The native vermeil elegance and grace,
The tints and sweetness of the blushing rose ?

Ah !

Ah ! where is fled the lustre of those eyes,
The air that awes us, or the smile that
warms?

Each nameless grace that innocence supplies,
No longer ravishes, no longer charms.

Ye happier maids, commiserate the fair,
Nor force compassion from its native throne;
Your gentle bosoms are its proper sphere,
Be all its finest sympathys your own :

Ah ! spare distress, a sister's trespass veil,
Be this sole error of her life forgiv'n;
In pity spread not the disastrous tale,
Pity !—the brightest attribute of heav'n !

Poor Mary sees each alienated maid,
With pungent pangs her tender bosom torn,
Their cold reserve, the glance that would up-
braid,
The look resentful, and the air of scorn.

With feelings form'd superior to the throng,
Beneath the pressure of those ills she bends;
To 'scape the taunts of each unhallow'd tongue,
One fatal moment Mary's anguish ends.

Oh ! sad vicissitude ! Oh ! fate severe !
This eve I view her in disorder'd bloom ;
The morrow lifeless on the mournful bier,
Poor-victim !—passing to the silent tomb !

Pale as the lilly there lov'd Mary lies,
On whose soft accents crouds enamour'd hung;
Gone all the splendor of those radiant eyes,
Cold are those lips, and mute that tuneful
tongue.

See! what a train, the last sad forrowing morn,
Slow to the ruins of the abbey bear,
And tomb beneath yon venerable thorn,
The fairest ruin that e'er enter'd there.

There shall the maidens of the village bring,
And frequent strew them o'er thy humble
grave,
The freshest roses of the early spring,
And garlands, such as village maidens weave.

There rest thee peaceful from a world severe,
There let me mark the monumental stone;
Give all I can—the sympathetic tear,
To truth so injur'd—innocence undone!

M.

ON

ON THE
D E A T H

OF THE

REVEREND ROBERT BERKELEY.

YES! 'tis a glorious thought! the worthy mind
Matur'd by wisdom, and from vice refin'd;
In various scenes of social life approv'd,
Of man the lover, and by God belov'd:
Must fure, divested of its kindred clay,
Soar to the regions of empyreal day!——

Such Berkeley was, to deck whose mournful
 hearse,
The muse lamenting pays her grateful verse;
The muse long wont to love as to revere
The judge impartial, and the friend sincere;
How has she oft with fix'd attention hung
On the great truths that grac'd his flowing
 tongue,
Truths that he joy'd with candid warmth to draw
Fair from the Christian, or the moral law;
How oft beheld him glad the friendly scene,
Without all cheerful, and all calm within?

Sprung from a race that, crown'd with honest
praise,

By virtuous deeds, adorn'd a length of days.

Frail nature yields!—Oh! parent! husband!
friend!

Must then th' endearing names for ever end?

Heaven calls him hence, at that all-powerful
call,

Tho' sighs will spring, and tears unbidden fall,

Yet let us upward look—('twill give relief,

'Twill check the torrent of impetuous grief.)

With mental eyes, his radiant course explore,

And view him landed on the ethereal shore,

Where envy's storms, and factions ne'er molest

The native peace that calms the Christian's
breast;

Where the great Judge determines ev'ry cause,

And blesses, as he gives the just applause.

M.

THE
SUPERANNUATED HORSE
TO
HIS MASTER,

WHO SENTENCED HIM TO DIE AT THE END OF
SUMMER, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS BEING UN-
ABLE, FROM EXTREME OLD AGE, TO
LIVE THROUGH THE WINTER.

AND hast thou fix'd my doom! sweet master,
say,

And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?
A little longer let me live I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me more, to see my master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

For, ah! to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
When from the jocund morn, to eve employ'd,
My gracious master on this back I bore!

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along
Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave;
Sweet smiling years, when both of us were young,
The kindest master, and the happiest slave!

Ah! years sweet smiling! now for ever flown!
Ten years thrice told, alas! are but a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear our age away.

For still the times behind are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
To the light heart all-changing seasons brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were
new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near *Avon's* stream
My steps were bent to yonder muse-trode
grove,
There, she who loved thee was thy tender theme,
And I the chosen messenger of love.

On the gale's pinion, with a lover's care,
E'en with the speed of thought did I not go—
Explore the cottage of thy absent fair,
And eas'd thy sick'ning bosom of its woe?

And when that doubting heart still felt alarms,
Throbbing alternate with its hope and fear;
Did I not bear thee safely to her arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And, ah ! forget not, when the fever's power
Rag'd fore, how swift I fought the zephyr's
wing,

To cool thy pulses in the fragrant bower,
And bathe thy temples in the clearest spring.

Friend to thy love, and health, and not the foe ;
E'en to the muse who led thee on to fame ;
Yes ! e'en thy lyre to me some charms may owe,
And fancy kindles into brighter flame.

And hast thou fix'd my doom ! sweet master say—
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor ?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

Nor couldst thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
Tho' weeping pity has decreed his fate ;
Yet, ah ! in vain, thy heart for life shall plead,
If nature has deny'd a longer date.

Alas ! I feel 'tis nature dooms my death,
Ah ! me ! I feel 'tis pity gives the blow—
Yet ere it falls, ah ! *Nature !* take my breath,
And my kind master shall no sorrow know.

Ere the last morn of my allotted life,
A softer fate shall end me old and poor ;
May timely save me from the uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

M.

AN

ATHENIAN ANECDOTE.

— AT Athens, famed for its excellent laws, and police, there was no crime more severely punished than that of *ingratitude*; for this purpose, there were judges appointed, to attend at stated hours every day, in order to hear the complaints of the injured, and to remedy their grievances;—but after sitting day after day, and week after week, and no person applying for redress, they thought it only wasting time to attend constantly, so caused a *bell* to be hung up at the Senate-house, to be rung when occasion required; at the hearing of which they were instantly to convene.—This also remained useless for several months, inasmuch that many imagined there was not an ungrateful person in the whole city.

At length it was heard to ring;—the judges immediately, as was agreed upon, assembled; and the people, you may be sure, flocked to hear their wise determination: but think of their astonishment, when, instead of a man, they found a poor *horse*!—The unfortunate creature was almost worn out with age and fatigue; he had
spent

spent his youth in the service of an inhuman master, who, when he found he could be of no longer use to him, had turned him out to the wide world. The poor animal wandered about for some time, picking up what bits and scraps he found in his way, 'till at last a lucky chance led his tottering steps to the Senate-house, where, happening to cast up his hollow eyes, he dimly discerned a tempting tuft of grass hanging out of the antient wall, and (as fate had decreed it) close by the identical bell-rope :—it was not to be resisted ;—he made an effort to get the delicious morsel, but, in his eagerness, took hold also of the rope, the pulling of which caused the alarm. The judges immediately enquired for the owner of the horse, who soon appeared ; upon questioning him as to the condition the creature was in, he made not the least hesitation, but told how he had turned him out, when he could be of no further use.—They then asked how long he had possessed the beast, and whether he was willing to work while he was able?—Upon his answering to the latter, in the affirmative, and that he had reared him from a foal, the upright magistrates were struck with horror.—They reprimanded him very severely, and obliged him to allow the plaintiff a sum of money, yearly, to maintain him in ease the remainder of his life ; telling him, at the

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E 4 same

same time, that a man who could treat such an old and faithful animal after such an ungrateful manner, ought to be considered as an alien from society, and deserved a much greater punishment than the law could inflict.

THE

DEATH OF ELA.

See! the fierce storms engage!
And, lo! they rouse the river's rage;
The angry flood, red, foamy, strong,
Thro' broken rocks, and rugged caves
Roars deaf'ning;—wildly tumbling raves,
And boils, and breaks, the cavern'd cliffs among!

Beneath an aged oak,
Wide waving from a rifted rock
Ela retir'd.—Her wishful eyes
The solitary heath explor'd;
And trembling, as the torrent roar'd,
Her bosom heav'd with unremitting sighs.

“ Oh! when, she cried, when shall I hear
“ My Edin's joyful footsteps near!

“ Or

" Or his soft accents in the gale ?
 " Could I his faithful dogs descry,
 " Or could I hear their jovial cry !—
 " Hasten, my Edin, to the vale ;
 " Night comes—and o'er the dreary waste
 " Sora sighs the spirit of the troubled blast."—

The outcry of despair
 Rose from the torrent raging near ;
 The prey of the voracious flood :
 Lifeless, on boiling eddies borne,
 Behold the lover dash'd, and torn !—
 She runs—she flies—and frantic screams aloud !

" My love !—my love !" she cries,
 Alas ! no gentle voice replies !
 But hoarse, and deep, the torrent roars.
 The lover, heedless of her woe,
 Grasp'd in his hand the slacken'd bow,
 Whirls round the rocks, and rude re-bellowing
 shores.

Amid the imperious wilds alone,
 She pour'd her ineffectual moan ;
 Far through the midnight storm 'twas heard —
 O rein, ye winds ! your savage power ;
 In pity, spare the unshelter'd flower !
 Alas ! when rosy morn appear'd,
 Extended on the mountain grey
 A cold wan corse, the beauteous Ela lay.

RICHARDSON.

ANECDOTE

OF

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SOON after the defeat of the Spanish armada, Queen Elizabeth had a medal struck, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event.—It is well known the King of Spain, and others, who were the enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the English.—Queen Elizabeth, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her renown, valued herself upon such a signal favor of Providence; and, accordingly, on the reverse of the medal before-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with this religious inscription—"He blew with his wind, and they were scattered."

ANSWER

ANSWER

TO

MRS. GREVILLE'S PRAYER

TO

INDIFFERENCE.

WHILST tuneful Greville sweetly sings
The joy that cold Indifference brings,
A nobler theme I'll chuse ;
As tender feelings shall inspire,
I'll tune my long neglected lyre,
And court once more the muse.

I seek not fame, I ask not praise,
Nor envy all the vernal bays
That bloom round Greville's head ;
They may her lofty brows enwine,
While suited to my muse, o'er mine
Be humble myrtle spread.

Sweet type of constancy and love,
Its emblematic charms will prove
The hope I'll ne'er resign ;
In friendship warm, in love sincere,
To me affection's bands are dear,
And may those bands be mine.

And,

And, pardon, Greville, tho' I dare,
 While I admire, reprove thy pray'r
 That's breath'd in vain by thee;
 Say, shall a heart so form'd to know
 The transports that from feeling flow,
 E'er wish for apathy?

You ask no kind return in love,
 Its hopes and fears you would not prove,
 And scorn a lover's name,
 You seek no tempting charm to please,
 But sigh for that insipid ease
 Which every brute may claim.

Oh! Greville! could that heart of thine,
 That breathes, that glows in every line,
 That sacred touch disown!
 Which bids the tear to pity flow,
 Which melts in grief at others woe,
 Or makes their joys its own?

Shall she who, as the needle true
 Was made to turn, and tremble too,
 A gift so rare despise;
 Shall she intended but to please,
 Whose smiles can sorrow's bondage ease,
 Shall she indifference prize?

Distress the mind may often wound,
 While bliss can scarce o'erpass the bound

'Twixt joy and agony;
But who this bound'ry to attain
Would not o'erlook whole years of pain,
Can never feel like me?

Should I a lover's fondness claim,
I hope to feel an equal flame,
I'll seek each charm to please;
Be blest in blessing what I love,
And ev'ry selfish thought reprove
That tends to churlish ease.

Drive calm indifference far from me,
'Tis tender sensibility
Alone true pleasure yields;
My days I would not have serene,
So *Hope* but paint the varied scene
Which expectation yields.

Regret may oft extort a sigh,
And disappointment cloud the sky,
And blast my promis'd joys.
But hope again may warm my breast,
And others bliss may make me blest,
When care my own destroys.

LADY T——

ON A

MASQUERADE BALL,

GIVEN BY

MRS. JOHN LATOUCHE.

WITHIN those revel walls let none intrude
 With cold deliberate thought, or manners rude;
 To-night, warm fancy, variously portray'd,
 Plays off her antic tricks in masquerade;
 And sure 'tis acting no unmanly part,
 To mask the features, and disclose the heart.
 The tales of tender love, a masque require
 To veil the maiden blush of young desire;
 And even the sinner, when he hides his face,
 Betrays some latent sentiments of grace.

The well-known master of this dome, 'tis said,
 Plays many a glorious part in Masquerade;
 Doth pensive Sorrow hang her drooping head,
 Or helpless orphans call for daily bread;
 Doth some lone widow, o'er her husband's urn,
 Sigh for those days that never shall return?
 Behind a masque, his hand relief supplies,
 And wipes the tear of sorrow from their eyes.
 Of late, when nature sure destruction hurl'd,
 And dire convulsions shook the western world,
 When

When meagre Famine stalk'd a country round,
And no one source of succour could be found;
Swift to relieve, his gen'rous bounty came,
And sun-burnt mortals lisp'd *Latouche's* name.

A.

THE ROBIN,
AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

OH! come! thou melancholy muse!
With solemn dirge assist my strain;
While shades around, and weeping dews
In sorrows wrap the rural plain!

Her mantle grave, cool Ev'ning spreads;
The Sun cuts short his joyful race;
The jocund hills, the laughing meads,
Put on a sick'ning dying face.

Stern Winter brings his gloomy train,
Each pleasing landscape fades from view;
In solemn state he shuts the scene,
To flow'ry fields we bid adieu!

Quite

Quite strip'd of ev'ry beauty, see
 How soon fair Nature's honors fade !
 The flowers are fled, each spreading tree
 No more affords a grateful shade.

Their naked branches now behold !
 Bleak winds pierce thro' with murm'ring sound ;
 Chill'd by the northern breezes' cold,
 Their leafy honors strew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active stage,
 Like leaf or blossom fades away !
 In tender youth, or riper age
 Drops thus, into his native clay !

Alas ! and can we chuse but moan
 To see all Nature's charms expire !
 Fair blooming Spring, gay Summer gone,
 And Autumn hâst'ning to retire !

But see, the tender Red-breast comes !
 Forfaking now the leafless grove,
 Hops o'er my threshold—picks my crumbs,
 And courts my hospitable love :

Then soothes me with his plaintive tale,
 As Sol withdraws his friendly ray ;
 Cheering, as ev'ning shades prevail,
 The soft remains of closing day.

O welcome to my homely board !
 There unmolested shalt thou stand ;
 Were it with choicest dainties stor'd,
 For thee I'd ope a lib'ral hand.

Since

Since thou, of all the warbling throng,
Who now in silence far retire,
Remain'st to sooth me with a song,
And many a pleasing thought inspire.

M.

A

MORNING INSPIRATION.

THE blooming verdure of the Spring invited me early in the morning to visit the meadows, and range along the dewy lawns;—all was serene—all was still; every thing tended to inspire tranquillity of mind, and invite to serious reflections.

The wakeful lark alone had left her nest, and was mounting on high to salute the opening day;—elevated in the air, she seemed to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow-songsters to their notes. Earliest of birds! said I; companion of the dawn, may I always rise at thy voice!—rise, to offer the mat-tin song, and adore that beneficent Being—
“who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.”

As

As the greyness of the dawn decayed, abundance of ruddy streaks tinged the fleeces of the firmament, till at last the dappled aspect of the east was lost in an ardent and universal blush.—Why should man be lost in luxurious ease, and waste these precious hours in idle slumbers, while the vigorous sun is risen, and going on his Maker's errand?—while all the feathered choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their homage in harmony, his duty calls him to heighten the melody of the tuneful tribes, by adding the rational strains of devotion;—to improve the fragrant oblations of nature, by mingling with the rising odours, the more refined breath of praise.

The glowing crimson of the east inviting my eyes to survey the spacious concave, the ample dome of the skies;—Prodigious theatre! cried I, where lightnings dart their fire, and thunders utter their voice!—where tempests spend their rage, and worlds unnumbered roll at large!—Oh! the greatness of that hand which meteth out this amazing circumference with a span!—Oh! the immensity of that wonderful Being, before whom this unmeasurable extent is no more than a point!

From the heavens my eyes returned to the earth, viewing with secret pleasure the charming

ing scene which was covered with drops of dew, sparkling like liquid crystals.—Beautiful pearls! said I, how brilliant and unfulled is your lustre! how little inferior to the proud stone that irradiates a monarch's crown! you want nothing but solidity and permanency, to render you equal to the finest treasures of the jeweller's casket!—but here indeed you are deficient!—Short-liv'd ornaments!—possessed of little more than a momentary radiancy;—the sun will soon exhale you;—within another hour we may in vain search for you along this extended plain which you now so elegantly adorn!—What a sovereign restorative are these nightly distillations to the vegetable world!—how they gladden and invigorate the herbs when almost parched by the heat of yesterday's sun! sprinkled with these reviving drops, their verdure deepens;—their fragrance, faint or intermitted, becomes potent and copious.—How various are the expedients which Providence, unsearchably wise, uses to fructify the world! Sometimes impetuous and heavy showers, bursting from the angry clouds, lash the plain, and make the rivers foam;—a storm brings them, and a deluge follows.—At other times, these gentle dews are formed in the serene evening air; they steal down by soft degrees, and with insensible stillness; so subtle, that they deceive the nicest eye; so silent, that they escape the
most

most delicate ear;—yet these very different operations concur in the same beneficial end, and impart fertility to the lap of nature.

——If we are pleased with the beautiful sight of the vegetable tribes, how delightful must it be to consider the advantages they yield!——What a fund of choice accommodations—what a source of wholesome dainties! and all for the enjoyment of man!—Methinks a view of this profuse munificence inspires a secret delight, and kindles a disinterested good-will; while “the little hills clap their hands and the luxuriant vallies laugh and sing,” who can forbear catching the general joy?—Who is not touched with lively sensations of pleasure, while the everlasting Father is scattering blessings through his whole family, and crowning the year with his goodness, who does not feel his breast glow with a diffusive benevolence?—My heart, I must confess, beats high with satisfaction, and breathes out congratulatory wishes upon all the tenants of those rural abodes.——Peace be within your walls! and plenteousness around your dwellings!—Live ye highly favored; live sensible of your benefits, and thankful to your benefactor;—never forgetting, that you are obliged to the Redeemer of mankind for every one of these accommodations which spring from the teeming earth,

earth, and smiling skies.—He made them when they were not;—he brought them up from utter darkness, and gave them both their being, and their beauty: he created the materials of which they are composed, and moulded them into this endless multiplicity of amiable forms, and useful substances; he arrayed the heavens with a vesture of the mildest blue, and cloathed the earth in a livery of the gayest green;—his pencil streaked, and his breath perfumed whatever is beautiful or fragrant, in the universe;—his strength set fast the mountains! his goodness garnished the valleys; and the same touch that healed the leper, wrought the whole visible system into this compleat perfection; in short, the whole scene around exhibits a fund of pleasures to the imagination, at the same time that it more than supplies all our wants.

Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man! whoever thou art, that rebellest against thy Maker.—He surrounds thee with unnumbered benefits, and follows thee with an effusion of the richest, noblest gifts.—He courts thy affections, he solicits thy gratitude by liberalities which are never intermitted—by a bounty which knows no limits.—Oh! most blessed Lord! let this thy goodness—thy unwearied goodness, lead us to repentance.—Win us to thyself, thou fountain of felicity, by these sweet inducements.

Draw

Draw us to our duty, thou God of our salvation, by these "cords of love."

HERVEY.

A

LADY'S SALUTATION

TO

HER GARDEN.

WELCOME, fair scene! welcome, thou lov'd
retreat,

From the vain hurry of the bustling great!
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bow'r
Rapt in calm thought, improve each fleeting
hour.

My soul, while Nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
To Nature's God, contemplative shall rise.
What are ye now, ye fluttering vain delights,
Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights?
What your allurements—what your fancy'd joys?
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.
Alas! how tasteless these—how low—how mean
To the calm pleasure of this rural scene!

Come

Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending
arms,

Inclose the fond admirer of your charms !

Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful guest;
Glad to retire, and in retirement blest !

Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry sweet ;

Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat ;

And, oh ! descend, to sweeten all the rest,

Soft smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue drest !

Content unenvious ;—ease, with freedom join'd,

And meditation calm—with truth refin'd !

Deign, but in this fair scene, with me to dwell,

And noise and nonsense, pomp and show, fare-
well !

But see ! oh ! see ! the Heav'n-born train ap-
pear !

Fix then my heart !—thy happiness is here.

M.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE RUINS OF

AN ANCIENT CATHEDRAL,

SEE! yon vast fragment!—once a stately tow'r,
 That thro' long ages mock'd the flow attacks
 Of all-consuming time.—In vain the storms
 Beat thick and strong:—in vain the roaring winds
 Pour'd forth the furious blast;—light'nings, in
 vain,

With keen vibrations, darted thro' the gloom;
 Or, in the bosom of the ærial space
 Roll'd bellowing thunders:—still, secure it stood,
 And raging elements made war in vain.—

But *Time*—to human works the greatest foe,
 His slow, but sure attack, incessant made,
 And fix'd his iron teeth upon those walls
 Now in sad ruin laid.—On yon old turret
 With ivy crown'd, and nodding to its base,
 Behold! he sits, and hourly drops a stone.

Thus, all the boasted works of human art
 Shall bow to *Time*.—Thus, fall beneath his hand
 The stately domes—the cloud-invading towers;

The

The blazing temples, proudly eminent :
 Tho' deep in earth their broad foundations lie,
 Tho' rocks of adamant their base sustain,
 Yet these must fall ;—and fall, to rise no more

And, oh! alarming thought!—not only these,
 The puny works of men ;—but all that lies
 Beneath the sun's broad eye ;—nay, more—the
 sun

Himself ;—the moon—and all the radiant host
 That deck heav'n's concave, and illumine the world
 With light celestial ;—all—all must sink, ex-
 pire,

And vanish as a scroll.—What then is man ?
 Where will he hide in this stupendous ruin,
 Amidst the shock of crashing elements,
 Of heavens dissolving, and a world on fire,
 Where will he refuge find ?—“ In me—(says
Virtue)

“ 'Tis I can in that awful hour support
 “ The naked, helpless, disembodied spirit :—
 “ Become its passport to the realms of bliss,
 “ And lead it to its mansions in the skies.”—

To this important period, let my thoughts,
 As to their center, tend ;—here let me rest,
 And take a solemn pause !—here let me view
 That state, which hourly waits the sons of
 men!

That state, which, once possess'd, will know no
 change.

Tho' now the pulse of life beats high and strong,
Tho' firm-brac'd nerves this curious frame sustain,

And young-ey'd Health sits smiling on my brow
With tarriance unconstrain'd ;—yet soon, stern
Time

With hasty steps, my dwelling will approach,
And with his unrelenting scythe cut down
The stem of life ;—then, then this active hand
Will cease to execute ;—this head to plan
New schemes of future action ;—to the dust,
Low in the damp, dark vault consign'd to dwell,
The hand that guides this pen—the eye that
reads,

Shall sink to rise no more ; but in the cave
Of deep oblivion laid, with kindred worms,
Take an eternal leave of all mankind.

A.

RULES

R U L E S

OUT OF

PTOLEMY'S GOLDEN TABLE,

THAT THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS FOUND
AT THEBES;

Which, on Account of their great Excellence,
that worthy Emperor caused to be laid at
his Bed's-head every Night, and at his
Death gave, as a singular Treas-
ure, to his Son Commodus.

I NEVER exalted the proud rich man, nor
hated the poor just man.

I never denied justice to the poor for pover-
ty, nor pardoned the wealthy for their riches.

I never gave reward for affection, nor pu-
nishment upon passion.

I never suffered evil to escape unpunished,
nor goodness unrewarded.

I never denied justice to him that asked it,
nor mercy to him that deserved it.

I never punished in anger, nor promised in mirth.

I never did evil upon malice, nor good for covetousness.

I always sought to be loved by the good, and feared by the wicked.

I always favoured the poor that were able to do little; and God, who was able to do much, favoured me.

F R I E N D S H I P.

MORE virtues are required to form this refined intercourse, than to a common observer is imagined.—Before we pronounce a person to be our friend, we should be well convinced that he has a heart susceptible of tender and generous feelings, and that he is capable of performing substantial and disinterested acts of kindness. Few, very few ingredients, at present, seem to be necessary to form this greatest of all characters.—If two ladies drink tea together, or play a poole of quadrille, they are friends: if two libertines get drunk together, they are friends. But let us not be deceived by
appear-

appearances, nor by the mere sound of words. Tell me, if the person you call your friend will weep with you in the hour of distress?—Will he stand forth in your defence, when the cruel shaft of calumny is secretly aiming its deadly venom to defame your character? If misfortune should oblige you to retire into the humble vale of life, to lay aside your equipage, your servants, your board of luxurious plenty, to which he was a constant guest; I say, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of withdrawing himself from a connection which can no longer be an advantage to him, will he cheerfully assist you to bear the weight of your calamities?—When you are confined to the languishing bed of sickness, will he leave the gay scenes of pleasure and dissipation, to sit an hour by your side, to hear, with patient attention, the melancholy tale of your complaint—to hold your aching head—to administer the balm of sympathetic tenderness, and consolation to your fainting spirits?—Will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge your remembrance for ever, in “his heart of hearts?” The man who will not do this, may be your companion, your gay seducer, your flatterer; but I am very certain he is not your friend.

L. A.

ODE ON THE CREATION;

OCCASIONED BY A GENTLEMAN'S BEING EXPELLED
THE COLLEGE FOR ATHEISM.

YE heavenly hosts, my soul inspire,
To praise the power supreme !
Oh ! touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
Whilst God himself's my theme !

God, who from atoms form'd the heav'ns,
From chaos call'd the earth ;
By whom the Almighty word was giv'n,
That gave all nature birth :

That God, whose all-creating hand,
His Majesty declar'd ;
And at the breath of whose command
The firmament appear'd.

Resplendent in his native east
The sun diffus'd his rays ;
And opposite, in levell'd west,
The moon her paler blaze.

The sable mantle of the night,
Unnumber'd stars adorn ;
Till, wafted on the wings of light,
Came issuing in the morn.

Far o'er the unfathom'd wat'ry bed
He wav'd his awful rod;
The floods retir'd—the waters fled,
Obedient to their God.

Ere yet he fram'd the spacious sky,
And earth's foundation laid;
Thus spake he to the affrighted sea—
“Be here thy proud waves stay'd.”

The tender lawn her surface paves,
And infant mountains rise
Emergent from the parting waves,
To strike the wand'ring skies.

All rude, unsightly, unadorned,
The joyless desert lay;
Till teeming from her fruitful womb,
The fragrant soil gave way.

A kindly warmth in moisture fed;
When lo! the amazed root
At once conceiv'd the bud, the leaf,
The blossom, and the fruit.

His voice created beasts and birds;
His breath the reptile train;
And all the innumerable herds,
That graze the verdant plain.

Of all creation, last and best,
To dignify the whole;
Like God himself he form'd the dust,
And gave that dust a soul.

How great the power of Heav'n's high hand
Which finish'd ere begun!

How absolute his dread command,
Who spoke—and it was done?

Tremble, O! Atheist! and revere
The mighty God of Heaven!

Approach him with an holy fear,
And hope to be forgiven!

Praise him to all eternity

Who life eternal gave;

And know, that, that Almighty hand

Who did create, can save.

A.

THE
MECHANISM OF MAN.

ADDRESSED TO AN ATHEIST.

"I am fearfully, and wonderfully made."

FOND Atheist! could the giddy dance

Of Atoms, blindly hurl'd;

Produce so regular—so fair,

So harmoniz'd a world?

Why

Why do not Lybia's driving sands,
The sport of every storm;
A palace here—the child of chance,
Or there a temple form!

Presumptuous wretch! thyself survey,
That lesser fabric scan;
Tell me from whence th' immortal dust,
The *God*, the *reptile* man?

Where wert thou when the embryo earth
From chaos burst its way;
When stars exulting sung the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What fingers brace the tender nerves,
The twisting fibres spin;
Who clothes in flesh the hard'ning bone,
And weaves the silken skin?

How came the brain, and beating heart,
Life's more immediate throne,
(Where fatal every touch) to dwell,
Immail'd in solid bone?

Where learn'd the liver to digest
The silver floods of chyle;
Who, in the jaundic'd gall, confin'd
The saffron-surfac'd bile?

Or taught the wand'ring tides of blood
To leave the vital urn;
Visit each limb in purple streams,
And faithfully return?

How know the nerves to hear the will
 The hinged limbs to wield;
 The tongue ten thousand tastes discern,
 Ten thousand accents yield?

How know the lungs to heave and pant;
 Or how the fringed lid
 To guard the fearful eye—or brush
 The sullied ball unbid?

The delicate, the winding ear
 To image ev'ry sound;
 The eye to catch the pleasing view,
 And tell the senses round?

Who bids the babe, new-launch'd in life,
 The milky draught arrest;
 And, with its eager fingers, press
 The nectar-streaming breast?

Who with a love, too big for words,
 The mother's bosom warms;
 Along the rugged paths of life,
 To bear it in her arms?

A God!—a God!—creation shouts;
 A God! each insect cries:
 He moulded in his palm the earth,
 And hung it in the skies!

“ Let us make man!—Oh! voice divine,”
 “ And stamp a God on clay;
 “ To govern Nature's humbler births,
 “ And bear an earthly sway.”

He said—with strength and beauty clad,
Young health in ev'ry vein,
With thought enthron'd upon his brow,
Walk'd forth majestic man!

Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All Nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth—the skies—himself—
And tries his tongue in praise.

“Ye hills and dales!—ye woods and meads!

“Bright sun, and glitt'ring stream,

“Tell me, fair creatures, if ye saw

“From whence, and what I am?

“Gay are the funny plains—how fair

“Each tenant of the shade;

“And something whispers me within,

“All these for thee are made.”

“What parent power, all great, all good,

“Do these around me own;

“Tell me, fair creatures, tell me how,

“To adore the great unknown?

“By whom ye crop the flow'ry field,

“Or through the forest stray;

“By whom I feel untasted joys,

“And drink the golden day.

“Who gives the pliant tongue to speak,

“The curious eye to see;

“Who gives the piercing thoughts to soar;

“The conscious soul to be.”

ON DEATH.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

"Death is a path which must be trod,

"If man wou'd ever pass to God."

IS an awful truth, which deeply impressed my mind a few evenings ago, as I kneeled by the bedside of a dear departing friend.—The scene was solemn and affecting;—and its full force struck deep on my heart; but it was a tender, sympathetic sorrow, happily divested of that mixture of gloom, which too often prevades the chambers of death:—All was peace.

The beloved object before me, exhibited one of the most glorious sights in nature;—*a Christian* triumphant, on the verge of eternity!—supported on the bosom of filial affection;—and surrounded by those friends, who on earth she valued most; while the great—the good Honorious, like a true gospel minister, pointed upwards the eye of hope; and, with faith, described the glories of that heaven, which the pure spirit was soon to become an inhabitant of.—Oh! enviable state! what are all the glittering, vain allurements of this uncertain world, compared to such a sight?

A view

A view of death, it must be confessed, is, of all others, the most affecting and striking; and that being must be destitute of every feeling of humanity, who can look on it unmoved;—who does not perceive a damp touch his heart, as if with an icy finger, and stamp poor, frail human nature on it:—but if we are enabled to look beyond this scene, with a truly philosophic eye, let me add, religious eye, the cloud vanishes, and all its brightness and sunshine.—In this view did that excellent moralist, Addison, consider it, when he says—“ The prospect of a
“ future state is the secret comfort and refresh-
“ ment of our souls;—it is that which makes
“ nature look gay about us; it doubles all our
“ pleasures, and supports us under all our af-
“ flictions:—We can look at disappointments,
“ and misfortunes, pain, and sickness—death
“ itself; and what is worse than death, the loss
“ of those who are dearest to us, with indif-
“ ference, so long as we keep in view the
“ pleasures of eternity, and the state of being
“ in which there will be no fears, nor disap-
“ pointments, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor
“ separation.”—Nor was it by precept alone this great man taught us how to die:—he set us an example also, and a glorious one it is;—may we follow it, and be happy!

Doctor Young tells us, that “ after a long
“ and manly but vain struggle with his distem-
“ per

“ per, he dismissed his physicians, and with
 “ them all hopes of life ;—but with his hopes
 “ of life he dismissed not his concern for the
 “ living ; but sent for a youth nearly related and
 “ finely accomplished, but not above being the
 “ better for good instructions from a dying
 “ friend—He came ;—but the pale lamp of
 “ life was glimmering in the socket, and the
 “ dying friend was silent.—After a decent and
 “ proper pause the youth said——‘ Dear Sir !
 “ you sent for me : I believe and I hope you
 “ have some commands : I shall hold them most
 “ sacred.’——May distant ages not only *hear*,
 “ but *feel* the reply ! Forcibly grasping the
 “ youth’s hand, he softly said—‘ See in what
 “ peace a Christian can die.’ He spoke with
 “ difficulty, and soon expired.”

What an enlivening consideration is this ;
 and what a noble triumph over death, hell, and
 the grave ?—The grisly tyrant is indeed divested
 of his terrors, nor can the gloomy mansion
 claim any victory !

I have more than once been struck with pity,
 at seeing persons turn pale, start, and shudder,
 at the bare mention of Death—without once
 considering that nothing is so certain, or no-
 thing so uncertain as that period ; and I have
 said to myself—“ Alas ! do those people think
 they

they will ever die?"—But it is an error fatal to many, and too much practised by the generality of mankind; whereas, if they accustomed themselves to reflect on it in a nearer point of view, it would become familiar to their ideas, and consequently lose great part of its fancied terrors;—for, by frequently considering on what we must unavoidably come to, sooner or later, we should be naturally led to prepare ourselves, with fortitude and resignation, to meet that stroke as a Christian ought to do, whose hope is in his God.

May you and I, my ever dear girl, live so as that we may not fear to die!—May we die so, as that we may live for ever!—And, oh! if I might be allowed to breathe one wish more, it would be, that we, my Eliza, might be permitted to be near each other at that trying moment:

“ Oh! when the fatal, ranc’rous arrow flies!

“ May’st thou, my friend, with smiling peace
be near;

“ To close, with tend’reft hand, my languid eyes,

“ And o’er me pour the fond, the friendly tear!

“ With gentlest arm support my swimming head;

“ With friendly voice, prolong my fleeting

“ breath;

“ Unwearied vigils keep around my bed,

“ And raise my soul above the fear of death.

“ Tell

“ Tell me, that when these sorrowing scenes are
o’er,
“ In brighter worlds transported shall we rise;
“ Where rul’d by passion’s madding voice no
more,
“ Our kindred souls shall mingle in the skies.”

I shall conclude this long epistle with the
soothing words of the benevolent Doctor Watts,
which I hope will afford the same comfort to
you that they have ever done to me.—“ Death,
“ to a good man, is but passing through a dark
“ entry, out of one little dulky room of his
“ father’s house into another, that is fair and
“ large—light and glorious—and divinely en-
“ tertaining. O! may the rays and splendours
“ of my heavenly apartment shoot far down-
“ ward, and gild the dark entry with such a
“ cheerful gleam, as to banish every fear, when
“ I shall be called to pass through !”

Yours,

ARPASIA.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose was just wash'd—was just wash'd
in a show'r,

Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd—and the leaves were all
wet,

And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily rais'd, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd;
And swinging it rudely—too rudely, alas!
I snapt it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind;
Regardless of wringing, and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow consign'd!

This elegant Rose—had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner a while;
And the tear that is wip'd, with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

SLOPER.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT

FROM

SYMPATHY.

—ONCE—and not far from where those
 seats are seen,
 Just where yon white huts peep, the copse be-
 tween;
 A damsel languish'd;—all her kin were gone,
 For God who lent, resum'd them one by one:
 Disease, and penury, in cruel strife,
 Had ravish'd all the decent means of life;
 E'en the mark'd crown—her lover's gift—she
 gave
 In filial duty, for a father's grave;
 That so, the honor'd corse which caus'd her
 birth,
 Might slumber peaceful in the hallow'd earth;
 Chm'd, to its grass-green home, with pious peal,
 While solemn dirges hymn the last farewell.

At length, these piercing woes her sense in-
 vade,
 And lone, and long the hapless wand'rer stray'd
 O'er the black heath—around the unmeasur'd
 wood;
 Up the huge precipice, or near the flood;

She

She mounts the rock at midnight's awful hour,
Enjoys the gloom, and idly mocks the show'r;
Now scorns her fate—then, patient, bends the
knee,

And courts each pitying star to set her free;
Then starting wilder, thinks these stars her foes,
Smites her sad breast—then laughs amidst her
woes.

Oft wou'd she chase the bee, or braid the grass,
Or crop the hedge-flow'rs, or disorder'd pass;
Else—restless loiter in the pathless mead,
Sing to the birds at roost—the lambs at feed.
Or, if a nest she found the brakes among,
No hand of hers destroy'd the promis'd young;
And when kind Nature brought the balmy sleep,
To soon she woke to wander and to weep;
Across her breast the tangled tresses flew,
And frenzy'd glances all around she threw;
The unsettl'd soul those frenzy'd glances speak,
And tears of terror hurry down her cheek;
Yet still that eye was bright—that cheek was fair,
Tho' pale the rose—the lilly blossom'd there.

A wand'ring swain the beauteous maniac
found,

Her woes wild warbling to the rocks around;
A river roll'd beside.—aghast she ran,
Her vain fears startling at the sight of man;
And—"Save me, Heav'n!—my father's ghost,"
The cry'd.

Thence headlong plung'd into the rapid tide:

The

The youth pursues—but wild the waters rose,
 And o'er their heads in circling furies close;
 Not heav'n-born *Sympathy* itself could save;
 Both—both, alas! were 'whelm'd beneath the
 wave.

And lives the man who senseless could have
 stood,
 To see the victim buffet with the flood;
 Whose coward cheek no tinge of honor feels,
 Flush'd with no pride at what the muse re-
 veals?
 If such a man—if such a wretch there be,
 Thanks to this aching heart—I am not he.

Hail! lovely griefs in tender mercy given!
 And hail! ye tears, like dew-drops fresh from
 Heaven!

Hail! balmy breath of unaffected sighs;
 More sweet than air that breathes from eastern
 skies!

Hail! sacred source of sympathies divine,
 Each social pulse—each social fibre thine!

Hail! symbols of the God, to whom we owe
 The nerves that vibrate, and the hearts that
 glow;

Love's tender tumult—Friendship's holy fires,
 And all which beauty, all which worth inspires!
 The joy that lights the hope-illumin'd eye,
 The bliss supreme that melts in Pity's sigh;

Affec-

Affection's bloom quick rushing to the face,
The choice acknowledged, and the warm embrace;

Oh! Pow'r of Pow'rs! whose magic they can
draw,

Earth, air, and ocean, by one central law;

Oh! ever bless! whose bounties opening wide,
Fill the vast globe for mortals to divide,

Thy heav'nly favours stretch from pole to pole,
Encircle earth, and rivet soul to soul.

Cease then to wonder those lov'd scenes impart

No more the usual transport of my heart;

Tho' modest twilight visit eve again,

At whose soft summons homeward steps the
swain;

Though from the breath of oxen in the vale,

I catch the spirit of the balmy gale;

And from the brakes the answering thrushes
sing,

While the grey owl sails by on solemn wing;

Nor wonder if, when morning blooms again,

In discontent I quit the flow'ry plain.

Thus, the poor mariner, his traffic o'er,

Crouds ev'ry sail to reach his native shore;

With smiles he marks the pennon's stream to
port,

And climbs the top-mast head, to gain the fort;

Dim

Dim thro' the mist the distant land appears,
And far he slopes, to hail it with his tears ;
From foreign faces—foreign regions come,
Anxious he seeks his much-lov'd friends at
home ;

Warm, and more warm the social passion glows,
As near, and nearer to the place he flows ;
Quick beats his heart, as pressing on he sees
His own fair cottage canopy'd with trees ;
For there, in blessed health, he hopes to find
His wife and cradl'd infant left behind ;
Panting he plucks the latch that guards the
door,

But finds his wife and cradl'd babe no more ;
Like some sad ghost, he wanders o'er the green,
Droops on the blossom'd waste, and loaths the
scene.

P R A T T.

AN

INVITATION

FROM A

LADY IN YORKSHIRE,

TO A

LADY OF FASHION IN LONDON,

TO PARTAKE OF A

RURAL ENTERTAINMENT.

MY DEAR MADAM,

AS you have ever wondered at my singular taste, in preferring a life of retirement, to that of the charming bustle, as you term it, of the gay world, you will perhaps be equally surprized when I inform you, that I have laid a plan for an uninterrupted succession of amusements for the ensuing summer, which far exceed your pantheons, operas, &c.

At first, perhaps, the different hours which I have settled, will appear rather vulgar;—but
when

when we consider, that novelty heightens every pleasure, and that whatever is adopted by the gay world, by becoming the fashion, soon loses its vulgarity, that objection will be easily surmounted.

After having premised thus much, I hope your shock will not be violent, when I tell you, they will begin at five in the morning.

The place is so contrived as to hold several thousand people, and the furniture such as cannot be matched in London; one immense lamp will light the whole to a degree that will make those innumerable lustres, you are used to see, appear almost total darkness:—The floor will be covered with a beautiful green velvet, interspersed with flowers of most exquisite workmanship:—The hangings, such as no tapestry can equal, and both that and the carpeting are strewed with an infinity of gems of the first water.—I have, for some years past, been preparing a collection of essences, which have the property of exhilarating the spirits to an amazing degree;—these are so equally blended, as to appear but one exquisite perfume, although compounded of the greatest variety; the fragrance of the primrose, the violet, the rose, the pink, essence of bean-flowers, &c. &c. as well

as

as from every aromatic shrub that can be named, will, at different times, perfume the air.

The concert, which, in the number and skill of the performers, will exceed, beyond all comparison, any which was ever performed in London, will be opened every morning with a shrill note, by Signor Morvias;—then a plaintive duet, between Signor Columba and Signora Turterella;—next, will be a grand chorus, by the following inimitable performers:—Signors Merle, Pinson, Chardonnet, Grive, Linote, &c. the bass by Signors Rookers.

That I may not entirely depart from the London fashion, I have likewise prepared an evening's entertainment, to close the pleasurable day; on which there will be a concert of another kind, and the place illuminated in a manner entirely different from that in the morning. There will be a large globe, surrounded by an innumerable quantity of small ones, hung in beautiful forms upon a ceiling of bright azure, such as no dye can produce.—Besides the lights above, there will be several moveable ones dispersed about the sides.—The first piece of music will be performed by Signor Mouch and Signora Mouch-mo-ree: then a solo, by Signora Philomela, which will last the greater part of

the night, yet with such exquisite variety, that all will regret when it is over.

While the company are taking a repast in the house, I have endeavoured to procure the favor of Eolus, who has promised, if the wind is fair, to bring over his harp for the entertainment of the company.—I have likewise engaged the nymph, Echo, who undertakes for one night (if I will provide only one performer) to fill up the concert with aerial beings, more harmonious than any the most admired performers from Italy.

If you can determine to leave the town for a month, and make the experiment, of which amusement, that of London or Yorkshire, deserves to bear the bell, you will be joyfully received by,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

STANZAS,

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD,

IN IRELAND,

ON THE

DEATH OF AN AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Obit. Sept. 12, 1772, etat. 57.

WHERE melancholy silence reigns around,
Where rich and poor the holy rite receive;
Oft as I hear the death-bell's solemn sound,
I'll strew with tears my honor'd parent's grave.

My faithful memory oft shall bring to view
The friend who did my ev'ry want supply;
Whose tenderness did all my fears subdue,
And wip'd the tear fast trickling from my
eye!

Did ever pain oppress my youthful heart?

Did ever sickness hover round my bed?

Did e'er disorder dwell in any part?

She sooth'd my pain, and prop'd my drooping
head.

Those hands are cold that hush'd my infant cries!
 Mute is that tongue that did her children bless!
 For ever clos'd in darkness those fond eyes,
 Which view'd us with a mother's tenderness.

Nor was her charity to us confin'd ;—
 Friend to the poor—to whom she comfort
 gave ;
 Friend to the wretched and to all mankind,
 Their sighs, their tears, consign'd her to the
 grave.

She saw disease prey on her vital breath ;
 She bore with resignation ev'ry pain ;
 She saw with fortitude slow-coming death,
 And chang'd a sinful world for heav'nly gain !

But, hark !—I hear my kind Redeemer say,
 “ The dead who sweetly die in Christ are blest ;
 “ She's gone where blooms a bright eternal day,
 “ She's gone t' inherit everlasting rest.”

J. E.

Limerick, Sept. 1792.

“ A guilty

"A guilty Conscience needs no Accuser."

FROM

A REPENTANT LIBERTINE

TO

HIS FRIEND.

MY DEAR HENRY,

YOU would have had an answer sooner, relative to the affair you consulted me about; but I have been for this last month so extremely affected by a melancholy incident I met with in my late journey in the north of England, that I have really been utterly incapable of either writing or thinking on any other subject.—Ah! my friend, happy had I been if I had followed your excellent advice!—then I should have escaped those dreadful pangs of remorse under which I at present labour:—but as that is now too late, —(alas! what can equal the fell stings of vain repentance!)—I will at least claim the privilege of friendship, in unburthening my oppressed heart to you.

You may remember it is now a twelvemonth since I unhappily seduced the daughter of Farmer H——s, a tenant of mine, at the farm called the Willows:—Heaven only knows the remorse that affair has given me;—from that fatal day I have not known a moment's peace;—it was a thorn which never left my heart;—I felt it in the most enlivening scenes:—In vain did company, amusements or books offer themselves for my relief—the idea of the poor injured girl was never a moment absent from my thoughts.

To avoid the pain of remorse, I fancied the dissipation of a public place might in some measure alleviate my half-distracted feelings;—and as it was then the season for Buxton, I immediately repaired thither.

There is a romantic wildness in that part of England that I had never met with before;—I often took my horse, and, without a servant, rose early, and rambled among the rocks and mountains as chance directed:—One morning, particularly, I arose by break of day, and, unattended, wandered so many miles, that I was insensibly got into what is called the High Peak of Derbyshire.——After I had surveyed, with equal delight and astonishment, some of the most romantic and beautiful spots of nature, I stopped at a small house of entertainment, to refresh

refresh myself and my horse:—Here I stayed during the heat of the day; and was informed by my old host, that there were, a few miles from thence, some natural curiosities among the rocks, greater than any I had yet seen.

My curiosity being excited by this account, I soon set out again to pursue my ramble; and in my way to the place I was directed to, I passed through the most solitary spot I had ever seen;—it seemed, I thought, perfectly detached from the rest of the world.—I stopped for a few minutes to survey the richness of the prospect of broken cliffs, woods, and waterfalls:—I saw a few straggling cottages in the valley, which made me imagine there was a small village near—and I was confirmed in this opinion, when I spied a little church standing among the trees on the edge of the precipice.—Close to the church-yard, I, that moment, saw the ruins of an old abbey, whose ivy'd walls in that romantic situation, had the finest effect imaginable.

You know my passion for antiquity, and that there is scarce an ancient castle, ruin, or mouldering abbey in the kingdom, but what I have visited. I always think there is an awful kind of pleasure in a retrospective view into antiquity;—it seems as if we had outstripped *Time*,

You may remember it is now a twelvemonth since I unhappily seduced the daughter of Farmer H——s, a tenant of mine, at the farm called the Willows:—Heaven only knows the remorse that affair has given me;—from that fatal day I have not known a moment's peace;—it was a thorn which never left my heart;—I felt it in the most enlivening scenes:—In vain did company, amusements or books offer themselves for my relief—the idea of the poor injured girl was never a moment absent from my thoughts.

To avoid the pain of remorse, I fancied the dissipation of a public place might in some measure alleviate my half-distracted feelings;—and as it was then the season for Buxton, I immediately repaired thither.

There is a romantic wildness in that part of England that I had never met with before;—I often took my horse, and, without a servant, rose early, and rambled among the rocks and mountains as chance directed:—One morning, particularly, I arose by break of day, and, unattended, wandered so many miles, that I was insensibly got into what is called the High Peak of Derbyshire.——After I had surveyed, with equal delight and astonishment, some of the most romantic and beautiful spots of nature, I stopped at a small house of entertainment, to refresh

refresh myself and my horse:—Here I stayed during the heat of the day; and was informed by my old host, that there were, a few miles from thence, some natural curiosities among the rocks, greater than any I had yet seen.

My curiosity being excited by this account, I soon set out again to pursue my ramble; and in my way to the place I was directed to, I passed through the most solitary spot I had ever seen;—it seemed, I thought, perfectly detached from the rest of the world.—I stopped for a few minutes to survey the richness of the prospect of broken cliffs, woods, and waterfalls:—I saw a few straggling cottages in the valley, which made me imagine there was a small village near—and I was confirmed in this opinion, when I spied a little church standing among the trees on the edge of the precipice.—Close to the church-yard, I, that moment, saw the ruins of an old abbey, whose ivyed walls in that romantic situation, had the finest effect imaginable.

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and were viewing what we ourselves, in the course of a few centuries, shall be.

Delighted with this old gothic structure, I immediately alighted from my horse; and as I was tying him by the bridle to the church-yard rails, my attention was suddenly roused by the solemn tolling of the church bell. I did not imagine any human being was near, till, looking down the little solitary path, I observed, advancing to the church, a small but solemn procession of young people, who were attending a country funeral.—It is impossible to express the simplicity of the scene, which I had a full opportunity of observing, as I opened the church-yard gate myself, for this little rural procession to pass thro' with the same respect, as I should have done, had it been for the grandest in the land.

As I had never before been spectator of so rustic a scene, I was particularly attentive.—Six young maids dressed in white, with each a nosegay of flowers in her hand, held up the sheet that covered the plain coffin, which was supported by as many young men. The simplicity, the decent behaviour, and neatness of this little groupe greatly excited my attention;—I imagined that the departed must be a young woman, from the manner of being attended on
this

this solemn occasion ; but my surprize was great, that there were no mourners to follow her to the grave—there were only a few straggling women, and children at some distance, who followed, as it seemed, by chance.

The circumstance of this young person, whoever she was, having no friends to attend her on this mournful occasion, struck me forcibly : —“ What ! said I to myself, had she no parents ?—No, brother ?—was she related to no person on earth ?—’Tis very strange !”

Whilst I was making these natural reflections the little procession was passing slowly on, and was now entering the church. I was seized with a strong curiosity to enquire the name of this poor forlorn ; or rather who she was.—— That moment I saw an old woman in the church-yard, who was gathering herbs and simples ;—I went up to her——

“ A very decent funeral,” said I ; “ but pray, good woman, had this young person no friends ? There are no mourners, I perceive.—Did she live in this village ?”

“ Ah ! God help her,” said the old woman, “ poor young creature !—’tis to be hoped she is now at rest, and the little infant too—they

are both in the coffin together ; I helped to put them in with these very hands—a finer corpse I never set my eyes upon.”

An icy chillness seized me at that moment, and a tremor shook my whole frame, for which I could not account—and an irresistible impulse led me to ask the old woman—“ But who was she?—Where did she live?”

“ I cannot inform you, Sir, who she was ; but Dame Dobson at the mill, and all the village, thought she was some unhappy young creature that had been deluded, and afterwards forsaken by some great gentleman.”——Oh ! the pang that struck my heart at this moment ! I felt this expression of the innocent old woman with the same force as I should have done a thunder-bolt !——“ Gracious God !” said I, not daring to lift my eyes towards Heaven, “ can this be my Fanny?—a little infant, do you say?—How long has she been in this village?”

“ All I know, Sir,” resumed the old woman, is, “ that this poor young creature came about six weeks ago to Dame Langley’s, at Hill-farm, for a lodging :—She could not get a lodging there, so went down to the mill :—a prettier blossom never was seen—but, alas ! she had got a woeful blight :—she was nothing but skin and
bone

bone before she died—always in tears, and not a shilling to help herself. This we found out, for she was obliged to sell what little she had: I bought this pretty snuff-box from her, (said she)—holding it towards me.”

A guilty conscience needs no accuser! But this stared me in the face.—O, my friend! what was my distraction, when I saw it was the very box I had given to my poor lost Fanny!—“Wretched, wretched man!” I exclaimed; “for what art thou reserved?—Oh! to what misery must she have been reduced!”

The old woman now informed me, that she had died in child-bed, having suffered much distress, and that her little infant expired the day after its unhappy mother. She was proceeding—when the funeral stopped at the grave, which was under a large oak in the church-yard:—It was with the utmost difficulty I concealed my strong emotions; but what were they, when I saw the awful ceremony at the silent grave—when I read—*F. H. aged nineteen*, on the lid of the coffin, when it was putting into the earth!—When I saw the young maidens dissolved in tears, fling their nosegays into the grave, and heard the hollow rumbling of the clay upon the coffin, I could bear it no longer; but, wringing my hands with unutterable anguish,

guish, I exclaimed—"Oh! Fanny, dear injured spirit! behold thy murderer!"—The frantic terror of my looks and expressions appalled the poor innocent rustics, who fled with precipitation; and the church-yard being now entirely deserted, I gave way to a violent fit of grief;—I flung myself on the new-made grave—I wept on the green turf which covered the breathless remains of my lamented Fanny, and that of the poor babe, the pledge of our unhappy love:—I gave myself up to the most violent transports of remorse, and probably should have remained there much longer, indulging all the "luxury of woe," had I not observed some peasants coming that way from their work;—I therefore tore myself from the fatal place, and mounting my horse, in an agony of mind not to be expressed, I rode directly to the mill, which I saw at some little distance, and which, I had been informed, was the place where the dear injured girl had breathed her last.

When I arrived there a decent looking woman came to the door, of whom I asked some questions. This good woman confirmed what I dreaded to hear, namely, that the poor young creature, who was buried that evening, had been abandoned by her friends, and reduced to great distress; that she had sold all she had to support herself; that her behaviour was so amiable,

able, and worthy in all respects, that they were convinced her sufferings were occasioned by the basest usage; but that she had never discovered the name of her seducer, or parents;—that the expences of the funeral were supplied by a little subscription raised by her daughter, who was very fond of her, among the good folks of the village—and all the people attended to see her laid in the ground.—“She died, Sir, in my arms,” added the poor woman; “and so did her sweet child—a fine boy, at first, as ever was seen.” I could hear no more—I put my purse into the good woman’s hand.—“Take this,” said I, “for all the trouble you have had with the poor unfortunate; and may Heaven bless you and yours.” I tore myself away in a situation of mind which no words can express, and which only one of your sensibility, and feeling, can conceive.

Ah! my friend, what a dreadful train of evils attend seduction!—Did the gay and thoughtless think of those miserable consequences, which commonly attend guilty attachments.

“Vice would stand appalled,

“——And heedless, rambling impulse,

“Learn to think.”——

If every Libertine felt the stings of guilt as I do, at this moment, seductions, with the
gloomy

gloomy train of evils which necessarily follow them, would not be so frequent as they are.—
In the height of the most melancholy dependence, I subscribe myself

Your unhappy friend,

BELLAMOUR.

A

REFLECTION,

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FORE-
GOING LETTER. .

SENSUAL PLEASURE is like a rapid torrent that hurries headlong, in its course, every idea of virtue, religion and morality, and by the violence of its motion, whirls its wretched votaries into the gulph of misery, repentance and despair.—But *virtuous Love*, like a clear, pure stream, flows gently along the windings of the heart, and while it cheers and refreshes the imagination, it exalts the understanding—delights the soul—and gives us a foretaste of Heaven, even while on earth.

THE

DYING NEGRO,

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

FROM A BLACK, WHO SHOT HIMSELF ON BOARD
A VESSEL IN THE RIVER THAMES,
TO HIS INTENDED WIFE.

" Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made,
" Sach moving plaints as nature could inspire;
" To me the muse his tender 'plea convey'd,
" But smooth'd and suited to the sounding lyre."

SHENSTONE.

ARM'D with thy last sad gift—the pow'r to die,
Thy shafts, stern Fortune, I at length defy;
Thy dreadful mercy points me to the shore,
Where all is peace, and men are slaves no more;
—This weapon, ev'n in chains, the brave can
wield,
And vanquish'd, quit triumphantly the field.

Yet while I tread that gulph's tremendous
brink,
Where nature shudders, and where beings sink,
Ere yet this hand a life of torment close,
And end by one determin'd stroke my woes,

Is there a fond regret, which moves my mind
 To pause, and cast a ling'ring look behind?
 —O, my lov'd bride!—for I have call'd thee
 mine,

Dearer than life, whom I with life resign,
 For thee e'en here this faithful breast shall glow,
 One pang shall rend me, and one tear shall flow.
 How shall I sooth thy grief, since fate denies
 Thy pious duties to my closing eyes?
 I cannot clasp thee in a last embrace,
 Nor gaze in silent anguish on thy face;
 I cannot raise these fetter'd arms for thee,
 To ask that mercy Heav'n denied to me;
 Yet shall thy tender breast my sorrows share,
 Bleed for my wounds, and feel my deep de-
 spair:

Yet shall thy tears bedew a wretch's grave,
 Whom thou, and only thou, wouldst wish to
 save.

Receive these sighs—to thee my soul I breathe—
 Fond love in dying groans is all I can bequeath.

Why did I, slave, beyond my lot aspire?
 Why didst thou fan, fair maid, the fatal fire?
 For thee I bade my drooping soul revive;
 For thee alone I could have borne to live;
 And love, I said, shall make me large amends,
 For persecuting foes and faithless friends;
 Fool that I was! enur'd so long to pain,
 To trust to hope, or dream of joy again.

Joy,

Joy, stranger guest, too soon my faith betray'd,
And love but points to death's eternal shade,
There, while I rest from misery's galling load,
Be thou the care of ev'ry pitying god!
Nor may that dæmon's unpropitious pow'r,
Who shed his influence on my natal hour,
Pursue thee too with unrelenting hate,
And blend with mine the colour of thy fate.
For thee may those soft hours return again,
When pleasure led thee smiling o'er the plain,
Ere, like some hell-born spectre of dismay,
I cross'd the path, and darken'd all the way.
Ye waving groves, which from this cell I view!
Ye meads, now glittering with the morning dew!
Ye flowers, which blush on yonder purple shore,
That at my baneful step shall fade no more,
A long farewell!—I ask no vernal bloom
No pageant wreaths to wither on my tomb.
Let serpents hiss, and night-shade blacken there,
To mark the friendless victim of despair.

And better in the untimely grave to rot,
The world and all its cruelties forgot,
Than dragg'd once more beyond the western
main,
To groan beneath some dastard planter's chain,
Where my poor countrymen in bondage wait,
The slow enfranchisement of ling'ring fate.
Oh! my heart sinks, my dying eyes o'erflow,
When mem'ry paints the picture of their woe!

For

For I have seen them, ere the dawn of day,
 Rous'd by the lash, go forth their cheerless way,
 And while their souls with shame and anguish
 burn,

Salute with groans unwelcome morn's return,
 And, chiding ev'ry hour the slow-pac'd sun,
 Endure their toils, till all his race was run,
 Without one hope to mitigate their pain—
 One distant hope, sweet freedom to regain;
 Then like the dull unpitied brutes repair
 To stalls more wretched, and to coarser fare,
 Thank Heaven one day of misery was o'er,
 And sink to sleep, and wish to rise no more.
 Sleep on! ye lost companions in despair,
 Whose sufferings still my latest tears shall share!
 Sleep, and enjoy the only boon of Heav'n,
 To you in common with your tyrants giv'n.
 O while soft slumber from their couches flies,
 Still may its balmy blessings shade your eyes;
 A while in sweet oblivion lull your woes,
 And brightest visions gladden your repose!
 Let fancy now, unconscious of the change,
 Thro' your own climes, and native forests range,
 Still waft you to each well-known stream and
 grove,

And visit ev'ry long-lost scene ye love!
 —I sleep no more—nor in the midnight shade
 Invoke ideal phantoms to my aid,
 Nor wake again, abandon'd and forlorn,
 To find each dear delusion fled at morn;

A slow—

A slow-consuming death I will not wait,
But snatch destruction from unwilling fate :
Your ruddy streaks the rising sun proclaim,
That never more shall beam upon my shame ;
Bright orb ! for others let thy glory shine,
The gloomy privilege to die, be mine.
Beneath such wrongs let pallid Christians live,
Such they can perpetrate and may forgive !

And *thou*, whose impious avarice and pride
The holy cross to my sad brows deny'd,
Forbade me, e'en the rights of man to claim,
Or share with thee a Christian's hallow'd name,
Thou too farewell !—for not beyond the grave
Thy pow'r extends, nor is my dust thy slave.
Go bribe thy kindred ruffians with thy gold,
But dream not Nature's rights are bought and
fold.

In vain Heav'n spread so wide the swelling sea,
Vast wat'ry barrier, 'twixt the world and me ;
Swift round the globe, by earth nor heav'n con-
trol'd,

Fly stern oppression, and dire lust of gold.
Where'er the hell-hounds mark their bloody
way,

Still nature groans, and man becomes their prey.
In the wild wastes of Afric's sandy plain,
Where roars the lion thro' his drear domain,
To curb the savage monarch in his chace,
There too heav'n planted man's majestic race ;

Bade

Bade reason's sons with nobler titles rise,
 Lift high their brow sublime, and scan the skies.
 What tho' the sun in his meridian blaze
 Dart on his naked limbs his scorching rays?
 What tho' no rosy tints adorn their face,
 No filken tresses shine with flowing grace?
 Yet of ethereal temper are their souls,
 And in their veins the tide of honor rolls;
 And valour kindles there the hero's flame,
 Contempt of death, and thirst of martial fame,
 And pity melts the sympathizing breast,
 Ah! fatal virtue! for the brave distressed.

My tortur'd bosom sad remembrance spare!
 Why dost thou plant thy keenest daggers there?
 And shew me what I was, and aggravate de-
 spair?

Ye streams of Gambia, and thou sacred shade!
 Where in my youth's first dawn I joyful stray'd,
 Oft have I rous'd, amid your caverns dim,
 The howling tiger, and the lion grim,
 In vain they glory'd in their furious force,
 My jav'line pierc'd them in their headlong course,
 But little did my boding mind bewray,
 The victor and his hopes were doom'd a prey
 To human beasts more fell, more cruel far
 than they.

Ah! what avails the conqu'ror's bloody meed,
 The gen'rous purpose, or the dauntless deed?
 This hapless breast expos'd on ev'ry plain,
 And liberty preferr'd to life in vain?

Fallen

Fallen are my trophies, blasted is my fame,
 Myself become a thing without a name,
 The sport of haughty lords, and ev'n of slaves
 the shame.

Curst be the winds, and curst the tides which
 bore

These Européan robbers to our shore!
 O! be that hour involv'd in endless night,
 When first their streamers met my wond'ring
 sight,

I call'd the warriors from the mountain's steep,
 To meet these unknown terrors of the deep;
 Rous'd by my voice their gen'rous bosom glow,
 They rush indignant, and demand the foe,
 And poize the darts of death, and twang the
 bended bow.

When, lo! advancing o'er the sea-beat plain,
 I mark'd the leader of a warlike train.

Unlike his features to our swarthy race;
 And golden hair play'd round his ruddy face.
 While with insidious smile and lifted hand,
 He thus accosts our unsuspecting band.

“ Ye valiant chiefs, whom love of glory leads

“ To martial combats, and heroic deeds;

“ No fierce invader your retreat explores,

“ No hostile banner waves along your shores.

“ From the dread tempests of the deep we fly,

“ Then lay, ye chiefs, these pointed terrors by.

“ And,

" And, O! your hospitable cares extend,
 " So may ye never need the aid ye lend!
 " So may ye still repeat to ev'ry grove
 " The songs of freedom, and the strains of
 love!"

Soft as the accents of the traitor flow,
 We melt with pity, and unbend the bow;
 With lib'ral hand our choicest gifts we bring,
 And point the wand'ers to the freshest spring;
 Nine days we feasted on the Gambian strand,
 And songs of friendship echoed o'er the land.
 When the tenth morn her rising lustre gave,
 The chief approach'd me by the sounding wave.

" O, youth," he said, " what gifts can we be-
 " stow,

" O how requite the mighty debt we owe?

" For, lo! propitious to our vows, the gale

" With milder omens fills the swelling sail.

" To-morrow's sun shall see our ships explore

" Those deeps, and quit your hospitable shore.

" Yet while we linger, let us still employ

" The number'd hours in friendship and in joy;

" Ascend our ships, their treasures are your

" own,

" And taste the produce of a world unknown."

He spoke: with fatal eagerness we burn—
 And quit the shores undestin'd to return!

The

The smiling traitors, with insidious care,
The goblet proffer, and the feast prepare,
'Till dark oblivion shades our closing eyes,
And all disarm'd each fainting warrior lies.
O, wretches! to your future evils blind!
O, morn! for ever present to my mind!
When bursting from the treach'rous bands of
sleep,

Rous'd by the murmurs of the dashing deep,
I woke to bondage, and ignoble pains,
And all the horrors of a life in chains.
Ye gods of Afric! in that dreadful hour
Where were your thunders and avenging pow'r!
Did not my pray'rs, my groans, my tears invoke
Your slumb'ring justice to direct the stroke?
No pow'r descended to assist the brave,
No lightning flash'd—and I became a slave.
From lord to lord my wretched carcase fold,
In Christian traffic, for their sordid gold:
Fate's blackest clouds still gather'd o'er my head;
And now they burst, and mix me with the dead.

Yet when my fortune cast my lot with thine;
And bade beneath one roof our labours join,
Surpriz'd I felt the tumult of my breast
Lull'd by thy beauties, and subside to rest.
Delusive hopes my changing soul inflame,
And gentler transports agitate my frame.
What tho' obscure thy birth, superior grace
Shone in the glowing features of thy face;

Ne'er

Ne'er had my youth such winning softness seen,
 Where Afric's sable beauties dance the green,
 When some sweet maid receives her lover's vow,
 And binds the offer'd chaplet to her brow.
 While on thy languid eyes I fondly gaze,
 And trembling meet the lustre of their rays,
 Thou, gentle virgin—thou didst not despise
 The humble homage of a captive's sighs.
 By heav'n abandon'd, and by man betray'd,
 Each hope resign'd of comfort or of aid,
 Thy gen'rous love could ev'ry sorrow end,
 In thee I found a mistress and a friend;
 Still as I told the story of my woes,
 With heaving sighs thy tender bosom rose;
 The trickling drops of liquid crystal stole
 Down thy fair cheek, and mark'd thy pitying
 soul;
 Dear drops! upon my bleeding heart like balm
 They fell, and soon my tortur'd heart grew calm,
 Then my lov'd country, parents, friends, forgot;
 I felt resign'd, nor murmur'd at my lot,
 Thy gentle smiles could ev'ry pang remove,
 And liberty became less dear than love.
 —Ah! where is now that voice that lull'd my
 woes?
 That angel-face, which sooth'd me to repose?
 By nature tempted, and with passion blind,
 Are these the joys hope whisper'd to my mind?
 Is this the end of constancy like thine?
 Are these the transports of a flame like mine?

My hopes, my joys, are vanish'd into air,
 And now of all that once engag'd my care,
 These chains alone remain—this weapon—
 and despair.

—So be thy life's gay prospects all o'ercast,
 All thy fond hopes dire disappointments blast!
 Thus end thy golden visions, son of pride!
 Whose ruthless ruffians tore me from my bride;
 That beauteous prize Heav'n had reserv'd at last,
 Sweet recompence for all my sorrows past.
 O! may thy harden'd bosom never prove
 The tender joys of friendship or of love!
 Yet may'st thou, doom'd to hopeless flames a
 prey,
 In unrequited passion pine away!
 May ev'ry transport violate thy rest,
 Which tears the jealous lover's gloomy breast!
 May secret anguish gnaw thy cruel heart,
 'Till Death in all his terrors wing the dart;
 Then, to compleat the horror of thy doom,
 A favor'd rival smile upon thy tomb!

Why does my ling'ring soul her flight delay?
 Come, lovely maid, and gild the dreary way!
 Come, wildly rushing with disorder'd charms,
 And clasp thy bleeding lover to thy arms,
 Close his sad eyes, receive his parting breath,
 And soothe him sinking in the shades of death!
 O come—thy presence can my pangs beguile,
 And bid the inexorable tyrant smile;

These galling chains, polluted with his blood,
Then bid his tongue proclaim thee just and good!
But if too weak thy boasted pow'r to spare,
Or suff'rings move thee not, O hear despair!
Thy hopes, thy blessings, I alike resign,
But let revenge—let swift revenge be mine!
Be this proud bark, which now triumphant rides,
Toss'd by the winds, and shatter'd by the tides!
And may these fiends, who now exulting view
The horrors of my fortune, feel them too!
Be theirs the torment of a ling'ring fate,
Slow as thy justice, dreadful as my hate,
Condemn'd to grasp the riven plank in vain,
And chas'd by all the monsters of the main,
And while they spread their sinking arms to
thee,

Then let their fainting souls remember me!
—Thanks, righteous God!—Revenge shall yet
be mine,

Yon flashing light'ning gave the dreadful sign.
I see the flames of heav'nly anger, hurl'd,
I hear thy thunders shake a guilty world;
The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood shall penetrate the sky,
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight,
Eternal justice wakes, and, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn;
Then the stern genius of my native land,
With delegated vengeance in his hand,

Shall raging cross the troubled seas, and pour
 The plagues of hell on yon devoted shore.
 What tides of ruin mark his ruthless way!
 How shriek the fiends exulting o'er their prey!
 I see your warriors gasping on the ground—
 I hear your flaming cities crash around.
 In vain with trembling heart the coward turns,
 In vain with gen'rous rage the valiant burns;
 One common ruin, one promiscuous grave
 O'erwhelms the dastard, and receives the brave;
 For Afric triumphs!—his avenging rage,
 No tears can soften, and no blood assuage.
 He smites the trembling waves, and at the shock
 Your fleets are dash'd upon the pointed rock.
 He waves his flaming dart, and o'er your plains,
 In mournful silence, desolation reigns.
 Fly swift, ye years!—arise thou, glorious morn!
 Thou great avenger of thy race, be born!
 The conqu'ror's palm, and deathless fame, be
 thine!
 One gen'rous stroke, and liberty be mine!
 —And now, ye pow'rs! to whom the brave are
 dear,
 Receive me falling, and your suppliant hear.
 To you this unpolluted blood I pour,
 To you that spirit which ye gave restore!
 I ask no lazy pleasures to possess,
 No long eternity of happiness;—
 But if unstain'd by voluntary guilt,
 At your great call this being I have spilt,

For all the pangs which innocent I shar'd,
 For all I suffer'd, and for all I dar'd—
 O lead me to that spot—that sacred shore,
 Where souls are free—and men oppress no more!

A.

E P I T A P H

ON

A NEGRO SERVANT,

WHO DIED AT GOVERNOR PHIPPS'S, AT HAY-
 WOOD, NEAR WESTBURY.

EUROPEAN vain!—mock not my hue,
 Nor ridicule a slave!
 Death soon, like me, will blacken you
 In darkness, and the grave.

Though nature o'er my swarthy skin
 Diffus'd a sable blot;
 Yet was my mind unstain'd within,
 And free from vicious spot.

It boots not here, or black, or white,
 All colours suit this tomb;
 Black guests, and Ethiopian night
 Sit round this funeral room.

H. 3

Releas'd

Releas'd from servitude and woe,
Here all my toils are o'er;
To some green island I shall go,
And see my native shore.

Though with reluctant mind I part
From my kind master here;
Yet my old country has my heart,
And liberty is dear.

There, in some shady Indian grove,
I shall for ever stray;
Or o'er the pathless mountain rove,
And haunt for savage prey.

It matters not, or rich, or poor,
But 'tis the honest man,
Whether he lives on India's shore,
In Europe, or Japan.

Live well—nor tremble at the grave;
The good shall live again:
The wicked man's the truest slave,
And Death's a tyrant then.

A.

CHARITY.

C H A R I T Y.

THERE is no virtue so much talked of, nor perhaps so little understood as this duty. The generality of the world confine it wholly to alms-giving: they have no other idea of charity. People of middling or straitened circumstances continually cry, "I cannot be charitable, because I am not rich:" which is a plain proof in what light they understand this virtue. Whereas, it is, in fact, an universal benevolence and affection, extended to every created being.—It is, to be candid interpreters of the actions of others; to lament their failings; to be ready to mitigate and excuse their faults; to pray for our enemies, persecutors and slanderers; to instruct the ignorant, to soothe the afflicted:—In fine, to overlook the frailties, and to do all in our power to relieve, assist, and alleviate the distresses of our fellow-creatures.

Our blessed Saviour lays the greatest stress on that part of this great duty, which relates to the love of our neighbour: it seems his darling precept.

He says, in St. John, xvth chap. 12th verse,
 "This is my commandment, that ye love one
 H 4 another;"

another."—And the Apostle tells us, "to dwell in God who is love."

Above all things, we should endeavour after this universal benevolence: for as all virtuous dispositions are acquired by acts of virtue, it is impossible we should acquire the disposition of universal love unless we universally practise it. The whole Christian religion is an institution of love; of the love of God to man; of man to his fellow-creatures.

That the particular branch of charity, almsgiving, is attended with the most exalted satisfaction that a good man can receive, is well known to those whose circumstances enable them to enjoy the delightful pleasure of feeding the hungry, and cloathing the naked. It is so highly pleasing and acceptable to God, that Christ makes the final sentence of the last judgment to depend on it. "Come, ye blessed of my Father (says he), inherit the kingdom prepared for you. For I was an hungred, and ye gave meat, &c." Nay, that duty is so highly acceptable, that he looks upon all offices of charity, and compassion to the poor, as instances of kindness done to himself. Saint Matthew, (xxxvth chap. 40th verse) "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

But

But let not those unhappy persons who are in low or straitened circumstances, imagine that they have it not in their power to be charitable, because they have it not in their power to give alms; for there are an infinite number of other ways of practising this heavenly virtue, as the design of this little essay is to shew. Let not those be discouraged, who cannot subscribe to a magnificent hospital, or any other great and public work of the like nature. If they have not pounds to bestow in works of charity, let them consider how precious, how exquisitely meritorious in the sight of our blessed Saviour was the widow's mite.

Arpasia, a lady in very straitened circumstances, is a shining proof how charitable we may be without giving alms. Her husband's income is barely sufficient to support his excellent wife, his children, and a few servants; and yet not a day passes, but the poor of their parish (which is in the country) and the neighbouring villages, are benefited by this admirable woman, without having it in her power to bestow a single shilling. The chief study of her life, next to the duties she owes her husband, and her children, is, how she may give her assistance to the poor. Lest this should be thought impossible, without giving money, I shall mention the methods this amiable woman makes use of for the

above purpose, and which is in the power of every one, in some degree, to do, however low may be their circumstances.

As I spent a week lately with Arpasia, I had an opportunity of observing the following proofs of her benevolence.

On the evening of my arrival, I found her sitting with a very young infant at her breast, to whom she was administering nourishment alternately with her own. She informed me the unhappy mother of this poor child had been seized with a malignant fever a few days before, and that the little innocent was just perishing with want.—An angel might have looked down with pleasure on the smiles of this helpless babe, whilst the amiable woman pressed it to her maternal bosom.

The day following, she made an apology for the absence of her two maid-servants.

“ I have sent one of them (said she, with a look of tender feeling) to nurse a poor wretch who is dying with a cancer; and the other is gone to watch all night by a day-labourer's wife, who is in the last stage of a deep consumption.”

I ob-

I observed the man-servant, two hours every day, was sent to assist the aged poor, by working in their gardens and getting them fuel.

What airs would not fine town-bred servants give themselves, to be set about such employments for the poor ! But these worthy servants endeavour to copy the benevolence of their excellent master and mistress.

Arpasia devotes three hours every day to instruct the children of the poor in the principles of religion, reading, and working with their needle. Her winter evenings are not spent at cards, or in that most ridiculous of all customs, formal visits, but in working with her own hands for every indigent object in her neighbourhood.—How delightful is it to see this amiable mother (still lovely in her person) sitting thus employed in the midst of her children, who are all trained to the same benevolence, according as their tender years will admit !

Fanny, the eldest daughter, who is twelve years old, was spinning linen for the poor ; and the next sister, of ten years, assured me she had not been idle, for that the last winter she had knitted twelve pair of stockings, for as many little girls of her own age.

But

But above all, I was delighted with a little prating girl of five years, who begged she might pick flax for her sister's spinning, because, she said, it was doing something for the poor.

The boys of this benevolent pair are educated with the same charitable principles. I one day saw the eldest boy, a child of eight years, in the midst of his sports and play, instantly leave them, and run out of the house to open the gate for a beggar, because he was a poor old man.

What may we not hope in future, from minds so deeply impressed with the desire of doing good, thus early initiated in the practice of this divine virtue charity?

Nor is the husband of the above good woman less charitably inclined. Not a day passes, in which he does not either instruct the ignorant, soften the angry and envious, reconcile strife and different opinions of his neighbours, or comfort the afflicted.—One may justly call the lives of these excellent people, a series of compassionate and benevolent actions to every living creature in distress, in which ministering angels might join their cares for mankind.

As the village in which this good man resides is very remote from a physician or surgeon, he

he has, for many years, applied his leisure hours to the study of those beneficial sciences, physic and surgery, merely for the aid and relief of his poor neighbours.

I have dwelt on the excellence of this benevolent family, to shew that we may be charitable without being rich, or impoverishing a scanty fortune, barely able to support the wants of a large family of children.—Let no one, therefore, imagine that because they are not possessed of great riches, that they cannot be charitable to the poor. Arpasia and her worthy husband are shining proofs to the contrary, though without a single guinea to bestow :—but the true riches are theirs ;—they are rich in good works.

L. A.

FLAVIA.

FLAVIA.

WHERE now is that fun of repose

That once used to smile on this breast,
On the morn that so genially rose,
And at eve set so sweetly in rest?

Alas! all withdrawn from my sight,
On the morning no longer it beams;
And, instead of contentment at night,
Spreads horror alone in my dreams.

O Belmour! why e'er did I hear

What I knew must be death to believe?
Or drink up a strain with my ear,
When I saw it was meant to deceive?

To whom, tell me now, can I speak,
That will not reproach and exclaim,
And read through the blush on this cheek,
That guilt is the parent of shame?

In vain the dark grove do I try,
Some respite from censure to find;
But, oh! from a world I may fly,

Yet cannot escape from my mind!
In the thickest recess of the shade,
My conscience cries—"Flavia see there,
What a wretch a fond father is made,
What a mother is plung'd in despair!"

The

The zephyr's most innocent gale
Now seems at my conduct to roar;
And the stream, as it winds thro' the dale,
Says—"Flavia is spotless no more."
At church, in the moment of pray'r,
Remorse lifts her terrible rod,
And harrows my soul with despair,
Though I kneel at the throne of my God.
Yet cease not, ye tears, still to flow
From the fount of contrition and love,
So th' excess of my sorrows below
May purchase my pardon above.

A

SINGULAR CHARACTER.

IT was, as I remember, upon a Summer's evening (when I had passed the hours of noon in all the furor of systematic madness) that I was walking at the back of my parsonage, in the meadow; when my ear was attracted by the voice of a person giving thanks—"The God of grace reward your worthiness," said the voice. I looked over the hedge, and by the help of a glass, which the commentators obliged me to use,

use, I cast my eye upon two figures very oppositely disposed;—the one, a courteous hale looking man, was binding his handkerchief pretty hard round the knee of the other, which was neither more or less than a horse, that had, as I afterwards found, just before thrown his rider—the very man who was now employed in so humane an office.

He no sooner perceived me, than he begged that I would step over the hedge, and hold the bridle; this I did at the cost of first tumbling into the ditch, which my dimness prevented me from seeing on the other side, and for which fall (as well as a thousand other blunders), I may thank systems.

The owner of the beast now began to strip, and with the fore-flap of his coat, to rub the blood from the nostrils and dirt from the forehead of the creature; and, lastly, in a voice (where tenderness softened rebuke) thus spoke to him.—“And were thou affrighted;—did'st thou start aside from thy path, because thou sawest rags and wretchedness in the way of thy on-going; see what thou hast got by it? That fall, and those smarting testimonies of it, are so many judgments upon thy barbarity!—So may every wretch fall;—so may every wretch meet a fate like thine!—O thou unkindly beast!
who

who turnest from that through pride to which, through sensibility, thou oughtest to approach:— And yet thou wert not wont to be so cruel and so hard-hearted neither: from my first putting the bit into thy mouth, even unto this day, have I found no blame in thee till this hour.— On the contrary, whenever I have eased the traveller, or the beggar upon thy back, thou, as if sensible of the gentle task in which I had engaged thee, wouldst step as if on a shoe of silk, and tread (even in the roughest path) as if thou wert treading upon a carpet of velvet.”

“ For this one time I will heal thy bruises, pity and pardon thee;—but—I charge thee to consider my clemency, and sin no more; for in the day thou insultest misfortune a second time, thou shalt surely die.”

It was not till this moment that I discovered a very poor creature, of the female sex, sitting in a pensive posture, with a small scrip by her side, and a babe, nestled in the softness of slumber, within her bosom; a bosom, which in defiance of her circumstances, was white as snow. “ Pray,” said I to the horseman, “ who is that young woman at the border of the bank ? ”—— “ Who she is, I really know not,” replied the stranger; but *what* she is, appeared to me so manifest a little while ago, that I was dismount-
ng

ing to relieve her, when this cruel animal, pointing to his horse, affected to be frightened, flew out of the road, and, as you see, got a broken knee and bloody nose for his pains, for which, though I love him tenderly, I am not sorry:—however, if you will continue to hold his bridle, as there is no trusting to man or beast, when the devil has once got possession of him, I will now go, and perform my duty.”

Saying this, the stranger went to the young woman, gave something from his purse, and instantly returned.

I requested to know what she said. “I know not, my friend, any thing about her,” replied the stranger; “and the only words I ever heard her utter, were designed to thank me for not suffering my horse to run over her, as she lay fainting along the road.

“But had you,” said I to him, “so little curiosity, as not to inform yourself of her history?” “I had so little cruelty—so little impertinence,” answered he; “I offered as much as my circumstances allowed! I gave her the modicum I could spare, and that was too little a recompence for what she gave me in return.”—“What did she give you?”—“A tear,” said the man—“look—it is still upon the back of my

my hand, verging to the very finger that brought my tribute-money from the purse; and there it shall remain: I will not wipe it away, it will teach me sensibility."

MELMOTH.

S O N G

OF

A N O R T H E R N L O V E R .

THE dark winds are blowing around the grey
hill,

And the ice of the morning has crusted the rill,
Thy waves, O Loch-Lomond! can glitter no
more,

But on dim stony fragments encircle thy shore.

And now for the moon, looking mild in the
brook,

The swift lights of the north thro' the night-sky
are struck,

These pale Boreal flashes will guide my lone way,
And the steps of a lover in safety convey.

Thus

Thus louder the wings of the Winter may sound,
And the frost's cutting arrows dart keener a-
round;

So the white silent flakes of the snow are with-
held.

From the brown of the heath, and the lake of
the field.

MISS SEWARD.

LINES, SENT, WITH A WATCH,

TO

A L A D Y.

WHILE this gay toy attracts the sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And seize, my friend, that rapid time,
That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care,
The blessing can restore;
For Heaven exacts a strict account
For every mispent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon our prospects end;
But on that day's uncertain date,
Eternal years depend.

Then

Then let us watch, nor idly waste
The blessing to us gi'n;
For every *minute* well improv'd,
Secures an *age* in heav'n.

THE WATCH-PAPER.

LITTLE Monitor! by thee,
Let me learn what I should be!
Learn the round of life to fill,
Useful, and progressive still;
When I wind thee up at night,
Mark each fault, and set it right;
Let me search my bosom too,
And my inmost thoughts review;
Mark the movements of my mind,
Nor be easy, when I find
Latent errors rise to view,
Let all be regular and true.

A.

JONATHAN

JONATHAN TO MICHAL,

FROM THE CAMP,

IN THE VALLEY OF ELAH.

THOU wishest, my sister, to know if it be well with thy father and thy brethren.—What hast thou to do with the tumults of camps, and the noise of embattled hosts? The labours of thy virgins besit more the female mind; but thy anxiety breathes such filial and sisterly affection, that thy brother is unable to refuse thy request.

We are still alive, and in the name of the Lord of Hosts we have done valiantly.—Our enemies, those insulting Philistines, who so lately triumphed over our scattered tribes with proud disdain, are compleatly vanquished, and in their own turns are become our servants.—But how, thou wilt ask, could such a mighty change be accomplished? did the God of Jacob turn every man's sword against his fellow, as in the days of his servant Gideon; or did he send his thunders to discomfit their host, as when the divine Samuel set up his Ebenezer?—Altho' it pleased him

him not to manifest his power in either of those ways, our deliverance was not less miraculous.

The Philistines, seeing us reduced very low, with haughty insolence sent forth a giant to defy our host; his stature was incredible, not less than six cubits and a span, and his strength appeared proportionable. He called upon us evening and morning to send forth a man who would fight him in single combat, and the conditions of the battle should be, that the army of the conquered champion should be servants to the conquerors. Israel heard him with dismay; where could the man be found who could match an almost supernatural being? Saul for many days in vain offered great rewards to him who should fight and conquer this Philistine: None offered for the combat, though thou, my sister, wert to be the victor's prize. Yet think not thy beauties slighted by our young warriors. Had the conquest appeared within the limits of possibility, multitudes would have rejoiced in the trial.— At length, after forty days of insupportable anguish, a messenger came to the king's tent, saying, a man was found who would fight the Philistine:—He hastily ordered him to be brought before him; but what was his astonishment to behold a stripling hardly advanced to the age of manhood, clad in a shepherd's dress; manly beauty and youthful modesty imprinted on every feature,

feature, and to hear him boldly declare, "Thy servant will go and fight this Philistine."——

"Alas! replied my father, thou art not equal to such a combat, thou art very young, and he a seasoned warrior from his youth; I cannot let thee go, for thy life must unavoidably be the sacrifice."——With a firm tone he replied——

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and suddenly a lion and a bear rushed from the wilderness, and seized a lamb from the flock; eager to rescue the bleating innocent, I pursued them, and happily delivered it out of the lion's mouth, they turned upon me, but I smote both the lion and the bear, and slew them; and shall not this uncircumcised Philistine be like one of them? The Lord of hosts, who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, will also deliver me from him who defies his armies, and blasphemeth his sacred name."

The oldest captains gazed on the youth with wonder;—he seemed animated with a divine power. Saul, lost in admiration, said, "Go; and the Lord be with thee."——But first he clothed him in his own armour;—but having moved in them for a while, he smiled, and said, "These trappings of war suit me not;—this sword is awkward to the hand which has only wielded a sheep-hook; and the name of the Lord is a more sure defence than a brazen shield."

shield."——He laid aside the coat of mail, and advanced to the combat with a sling, and five small stones.—The giant approached with a look that menaced death;—but when he beheld his antagonist, he broke out into the most insulting language of contempt; but short was his triumph, the young hero slung a stone, which struck the monster in the forehead, and he fell to the earth; our tribes gave a shout which rent the heavens. He then drew the giant's sword, and severing his head from his body, returned in triumph to the camp;—the Philistines dismayed fled;—we pursued, and our victory was compleat.

Such, my sister, is the hero who has gained thee as his reward; but still we were ignorant of his name. Perhaps thy heart has suggested a wish, that the blooming youth who so sweetly touched the harp before Saul, could have performed such an enterprize!——My father enquired of Abner who he was; Abner, still amazed at the mighty deed, declared he did not know; but again bringing him into the king's presence, he acknowledged himself to be David, the son of Jesse:—Surprized that I should have forgot him, I instantly recognized his features:—I have solicited;—I have gained his friendship; our souls are linked together;—I love him as a brother, and ere long I trust I will

call him so.—Prepare to receive him, O Michael, who hath so worthily deserved thee, so valiantly gained thee.

Farewell,

JONATHAN.

AMONDA.

JONATHAN TO DAVID.

Mount Gilboa.

O THOU, who art dearer than the life-blood which animates his heart, to the soul of Jonathan! I steal a few moments from the hurry of the camp, and the noise of the almost embattled hosts, to pour out the effusions of friendship to thee, and to bid thee a last adieu! Ere thou receivest this, I shall be numbered with the dead; but pleasing is the thought, that to thee I dedicate a few of those moments which remain to me of life.

Oh! my David! I have a strange matter to communicate to thee; a matter, which will fill thy pious soul with horror! Could'st thou suppose that my father should seek to know his destiny

fliny from a wizard!—that Saul, who late was so zealous in putting in force that command of the great Jehovah—“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live”—should, with anxious diligence, seek out a woman possessed of a famillar spirit, to learn from her those things which the Lord of hosts had thought fit to conceal from him? Too soon those enquities were attended with success, and he was directed to Endor, where one of those infernal wretches resided. Thither, last night, the unhappy, misguided monarch hasted in disguise, attended by two slaves in whom he could confide; and soon, by her arts, the shade of the venerable Samuel stood before him, who, with stern accents, demanded, “why he was disturbed?”—My father, prostrate on the earth, in the piercing accents of woe, declared, “that the Lord had forsaken him.”—But, O my friend! judge, if thou canst, the emotions of his soul, when informed by the Propher, that ere the close of another sun, Saul and his three sons should be with him! in a transport of horror, he returned to the camp, and is now preparing to sell his life as dear to the enemy as possible.

But, O my David! great is my consolation at this awful moment, that thou wilt now have no obstacle to the throne to which thy merit has raised thee, though I confess a regret arises

in my mind, that I shall not see thee possessed of regal dignity;—I could wish to behold thee my sovereign;—to be appointed by thee, the leader of thine armies in the field, and in the hour of peace, and calm retirement, by my friendship to sooth thy cares; when thou wouldst wish to withdraw from the trappings of royalty, and the bustle of a court, we would retire to the rural walks of Hermon, where thou wouldst tune thy melodious harp, and with fervent devotion sing the praises of the Most High;—we would then, with holy rapture, repeat the lessons we have heard from the lips of the divine Samuel in the peaceful shades of Ramah, until raised above this earth, our souls would taste some of those heavenly joys he has assured us are in store for the righteous. Oh, my friend! who would not wish to realize such a scene?—But the immutable decrees of Providence hath ordained otherwise. One earthly care alone remains, which when communicated to thee will be lulled to rest. The parental heart, O my friend, is anxious!—One tender plant I have been rearing, the pledge of chaste connubial love;—five years only has he seen;—his every thought has been infant innocence, yet may not the angry populace, enraged at the oppressions of Saul, wreck their vengeance on his posterity, and my boy fall a victim to those crimes, of which he knoweth not the name?—

But

But thou, my soul's friend! wilt remember the covenant we swore to each other in the wilderness of Ziph, and take him under thy protection:—When thou lookest on him, think of the love borne thee by his father, and let him be unto thee another Jonathan; save him from his enemies;—by our friendship, I conjure thee to save him! be unto him a father, and lead him in the paths of virtue.

The trumpet sounds!—the tribes of Israel shout! I must attend the battle!—Farewell for ever, for my sake love Mephibosheth.

AMONDA.

JONATHAN.

LINES BY A LADY,

ON THE

ANNIVERSARY OF HER SISTER'S MAR-
RIAGE WITH T. B. ESQ.WRITTEN AT ROCKCLIFF, A ROMANTIC SEAT
OF MR. B.'S, SITUATE ON THE RIVER
EDEN, IN CUMBERLAND.

THE day is dawn'd—Hail! happy light!
With joy these raptur'd eyes
Behold, in thousand beauties bright,
The vernal scenes arise!

Permit the muse, my gentle friends,
The auspicious morn to hail!
For you the sigh sincere ascends,
Borne on the ambient gale.

Oh! still may ev'ry circling year,
Like that already past;
A lovely smiling aspect wear,
By no dark cloud o'ercast!

May conscious peace—the choicest wealth,
Endear each future day;
And sweet content, and blooming health,
Still round your mansion play!

Long

VARIETY.

199

Long to your lot, may Heav'n impart,
Unmixt with ev'ry woe,
Those purest blessings of the heart,
Which love, and peace bestow :

That calm, serene, substantial joy,
Whose nature years refine ;
Whose sweet delights can never cloy,
Whose charms unfading shine.

Like the first pair from sorrow free,
Or still more blest than they ;
For here's no interdicted tree,
No serpent to betray.

Still brighter may each morn arise,
And may you ever find,
That best and dearest paradise,
An Eden in the mind.

MARIA.

*Eden-banks,
June 20th.*

F4

WRITTEN.

WRITTEN ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

MARCH 12.

—ANOTHER year is added to the rest
Of all thy blessings!—Creator, wife and great,
How vast the debt?—how numerous are the
claims

On my obedience, gratitude, and love?
Can recollection point one single day
That does not stand distinguish'd by thy care,
And is not mark'd with some peculiar good?
Ah! no! still memory opens to my view
The volume of thy mercies;—let me read,
And read instructed. Every sacred page
Proclaims thee bounteous, merciful and kind.—

Then let me hence—thro' ev'ry varied scene,
Thro' ev'ry year (if years are yet to come)
Still tread the paths of rectitude, and peace:
Oh! sacred Virtue!—never may my soul
Lose sight of thee; or from thy strictest rules
One moment slide!—be thou my chiefest good;
May ev'ry passion thy dominion own,
And act subservient to thy least command;
And in the inmost foldings of my heart,
Be all thy precepts wrote—thy pow'r ador'd.

CARLISLE.

MARIA.

A MORN-

A
MORNING INVITATION
TO
HER SISTER.

ARISE! my lov'd Serena, rise!
The purple morn appears,
Unnumber'd charms adorn the skies,
Earth all her beauties wears!

Now graces deck the smiling meads,
Fresh fragrance scents the breeze,
Awaken'd music fills the shades,
And warbles thro' the trees.

The voice of Friendship bids thee haste,
Come, join the artless lay!
Awake! and let us jointly taste
The new-born sweets of May!

For thee, ten thousand blooming flow'rs
Their various sweets retain;
For thee, they linger in the bow'rs,
And wait thee on the plain.

VARIETY.

Thy presence shall endear the scene,
 Shall wake each tuneful sound;
 Till Nature catch the glad serene,
 And Eden blooms around.

Thy eyes shall brighten up the scene,
 Shall heighten ev'ry grace;
 And Nature's loveliest charms shall seem
 A transcript of thy face.

MARIA.

Written at Rockcliff.

 SOLILOQUY TO SENSIBILITY.

IMITATED FROM STERNE.

DEAR Sensibility!—'tis thou, and thou alone,
 And thy soft influence on the human breast,
 That opens every avenue to bliss:
 Source inexhausted of all precious joy,
 And e'en to grief, thou giv'st a pleasing charm.
 The tear that falls for others woes, exalts
 The feeling soul—and lifts it up to heaven;
 'Tis here we trace thee, fountain of delight!
 And see, and feel, thy origin divine.
 Did not some gen'rous joys, and gen'rous cares,
 Beyond ourselves, of others weal and woe,

Call

Call forth soft pity, and awake to life—
 The beauteous blossoms of humanity,
 What were we?—Beings, without a name,
 Savage, revengeful, cruel and untam'd.

To thee! thou great sensorium of the world!
 Thou heavenly particle of love divine,
 We owe the noblest feelings of the mind!
 Friendship and love—those beauteous sister-twins,
 Receive from thee their most engaging charms.
 'Tis thy soft power within Eugenius' breast
 That heaves the sigh sincere—when secret grief
 Disturbs my soul;—or when the tedious hand
 Of ling'ring sickness has oppress'd me long,
 He draws my curtain—hears my piteous tale
 Of pain and sorrow;—then, with softest art,
 And gentlest skill, pours in the healing balm
 Of kind concern, and consolation dear.

Of thee, the Parent of all good has given
 A portion to the roughest swain;—e'en he,
 Bred up to hardships, and enur'd to toil,
 Who never, by the pale and glimmering lamp,
 Held converse with the sages—ne'er explor'd
 The depths of nature;—or trod, with painful
 steps,
 The paths of science:—He, untutor'd, rude,
 Unpolished, unimbellished, unimprov'd
 By education's kind informing hand;
 Yet thou, sweet Power! array'd in all thy charms,
 Art

Art thron'd within his breast.—Observe him
yonder;

As he traverses the bleak mountain's side,
A vagrant lamb, stray'd from his neighbour's
fold,

Lies dead before him ;—doth he still pass on,
Unfeeling and unmov'd at such a sight ?

Ah ! no ! soft sighing, on his crook he leans,
And see !—behold !—into his moisten'd eye
Compassion steals ;—around, with anxious care
He looks for help ;—“ Oh ! could I succour
thee,

“ Poor harmless creature !”—then he sighs aloud,
“ In vain the wish—it bleeds—it bleeds to
death.”——

His heart bleeds with it.—Peace be to thy lambs,
And to those pastures where they skip and play ;
May no fierce wolf invade thy little fold,
But still, exempt from danger, may they feed.

Happy, thrice happy are thy tender babes,
Thy consort too ;—their father, and their friend,
Is rich in Heaven's most estimable gift,
A tender, gen'rous, sympathizing heart.

ROCKCLIFF.

MARIA.

ODE TO MORNING.

ALL hail! ye gentle gales that play
Thro' lawns and valleys ever gay,
 With Nature's varied hues;
Thro' meadows, plains, and verdant groves,
Where'er your fragrant sweetness roves,
 My wand'ring step pursues!

Where'er I turn my raptur'd eyes,
To the green earth, or azure skies,
 New beauties charm my sight;
How sweet a breeze that meadow yields;
What lovely verdure crown yon fields;
 What graces all unite?

What diff'rent notes from ev'ry shade!
From op'ning lawn, or flow'ry glade,
 What melting music rise?
Awaken'd by the new-born day,
The tuneful tribes, on ev'ry spray,
 Send carols to the skies.

Already o'er the dappl'd east,
What glorious drapery is cast,
 Magnificently gay?
The blue-ey'd morn, serenely bright,
Now opes the crystal gates of light,
 And welcomes in the day.

Hail!

Hail! light! first offspring of that Pow'r,
Who gives the sweet, the social hour.

To soothe the ills of life!

Who gives fair Friendship's heav'nly charms,
To shield the heart from vain alarms,

Amidst these scenes of strife!

As through its chequer'd paths I go,
Where thorns and flow'rs promiscuous grow,

Oh! may that hand divine

Shed o'er my soul one friendly ray

Of wisdom, to direct the way

Where endless glories shine.

ROCKCLIFF.

MARIA.

A REMARK.

A
REMARKABLE VISION,
WHICH OCCASIONED
THE CONVERSION
OF
AN ABANDONED PROFLIGATE.

DEAR SIR,

SHORTLY after you left us, Mr. Ruxton arrived, and joined us:—The sanctity of his aspect, and the respectableness of his grey hairs, drew reverence and attention still as night.—“Well, Sir,” said my father, with an anxious and enquiring look, “in what condition have you left the wretched Dundas?”—“Very weak in body, Sir, exceeding ill indeed;—but with respect to his soul, full of horrors, and gnawing remorse. On entering his chamber, and approaching his bed, I observed that large drops of sweat had gathered on his brows, and that his limbs all shook with an involuntary motion that was nearly convulsive. As I took a chair beside him, he opened his eyes upon me, with a look

a look that expressed, beyond the power of language, the astonishment and depth of despondence that was opened within him."

" Mr. Dundas, (said I) I am sorry to see your body so much indisposed, but I am infinitely more grieved to understand that your soul is sick, even unto death eternal :—Awake then from your long dream of the pleasures of sensuality, and of the permanence of a fleeting life, which, as one catching at a shadow, you endeavour to grasp in vain :—Alas ! you are at the point of launching out upon a voyage the most fearful and most important that men or angels can conceive ; and yet you enquire nothing concerning the course you are to steer— or the country to which you are bound ; neither concerning the reception you are likely to meet there, or the commodities that may be of value in such strange and distant regions. In a few days, perhaps in a very few hours, the world and the flesh, with all your trusts and dependencies, and every carnal organ of your former delights, will be sapped and stricken from under you, as the base of a tumbling tower when undermined by the floods, or suddenly blasted by powder."

" Ah !" he cried — (and endeavoured to strengthen himself, and cast a ghastly glance upon

upon me)—“had you come the messenger of any *hope*, however distant in the ages of futurity, you would have been welcome indeed ;—but I am all turned into one *eye*, and that eye is nothing but a shrinking and fearful looking out for judgment !—O the vision of last night ! the vision of last night !—It is still present to me, and I still call for the mountains to cover, and the rocks to fall upon me.”

“ While I lay last night, ruminating on the death of my comrade in iniquity, I fell into a sound and very deep sleep ; when my ears, as I thought, were suddenly assailed by the alarming clangor of trumpets from all points of the compass.”

“ I looked up, and beheld the clouds black, and pregnant with thunders, gathering quick from all quarters, and impending over my head ; while I crouched and shrunk inward, the clouds instantly divided, and left a chasm in the center, through which the sun broke as in his meridian brightness :—Again a voice, that shook the universe, was heard throughout ;—the sun vanished from its place, and was no where to be found, and total darkness fell upon all the scenes in nature.—While my soul also darkened within me, a strange light dawned from afar, and, increasing as it came forward, promised shortly to exceed

exceed the light of the great luminary so lately extinguished. At once a shout of distant triumph rent my ears and the elements; and this was again succeeded by a shout of loud lamentation, which ended in a groan, so deep, that my heart died within me."

"I looked upward for relief, but as suddenly thrunk back, when I beheld the terrible *Nazarine* descending on a rainbow—a rainbow all composed of cherubims, that, as so many living gems, were pellucid through their different colours, and mingled their ever-varied lustre with each other; while over the head of the Son of David, heavens rose above heavens, and within those heavens again new heavens seemed to open, with all their inhabitants, surpassing the other heavens, as in glory transcending glory!"

"I would have fled—I would have perished, but no place was found for covering or for annihilation. I was compelled to look abroad; I saw the garment that had been divided, and for which lots had been cast, again joined, and flowing down in bloody waves beneath the rainbow, while thousands upon thousands caught and clung to the hem thereof, as the only stay that they had throughout the universe. And far below them again, millions appeared to catch and suspend by scarcely perceptible *threads*, that
were

were let down on all sides, from the saving power of the person of the manifold *Redeemer*.

“ I also wished for a thread, however slender, to be thrown forth, but felt that my hand was withered, and had not strength to reach at it :—I stood alone, as I thought, the only convict upon earth ;—at length, adventuring a short glance at the face of the *Judge*, I perceived, that his eye was as singularly and as constantly fixed upon me, as though no other creature in the whole world of creatures had attracted his notice.

“ I then shuddered, and endeavoured to gather myself into nothing, from the All-seeing Eye ;—but in the instant I perceived that the earth quaked, and was convulsed beneath me, and suddenly dropping into a bottomless gulph ; I also fell, as I deemed, from space—from duration, and all possible society ; and, giving a frightful roar, I awoke to despair and inexpressible horror.”

BROOKE.

IS there any cure for a troubled conscience ?
—Yes !—the troubling of the conscience is the most necessary and best preparative toward a cure ;—it is, as when an angel descended, and troubled the waters of Bethesda, and left a spirit and power of healing therein.

CHARACTER

C H A R A C T E R

OF THE LATE

MR. SAMUEL FOTHERGILL,

BROTHER TO THE PHYSICIAN,

DOCTOR FOTHERGILL.

TO commemorate the virtues of great and eminent men, who have been honourable in their days, is a tribute due to their memory.— A tribute which sensible men pay from emotions of respectful gratitude; and from a hope that it may prove an incentive to the living to emulate their virtues.

Amongst this class the late Mr. Samuel Fothergill, of Warrington, an eminent preacher amongst the Quakers, may with great justice be ranked. I knew him well; and had the happiness of his occasional acquaintance; I call it the happiness, because I never enjoyed the company of any from whom I received more real satisfaction; and however diversified with affliction the future part of my life may prove, I shall never remember those hours I have spent
with

with him, but with peculiar pleasure.—He was an happy compound of the gentleman and the Christian, the virtues and amiable qualities of each character being admirably blended in him. Graceful in his person and deportment, easy and affable in his manners, he commanded both respect and love.—He possessed natural abilities far superior to the generality of mankind, and improved them to his power:—well read both in books and men, his studies did not terminate in barren speculation; but the great truths of natural and revealed religion were deeply implanted in his heart, and beamed forth illustrious in an amicable, benevolent, and truly Christian conduct.

As a member of civil society he was exceeding useful, filling up the social and relative duties of life with great propriety. Blameless in his manners, kind, charitable and ready on all occasions to devote his time and talents to promote the best of all causes, the good of mankind; he lived beloved, and his loss is deeply deplored by all who had the happiness of knowing his worth.

As a preacher he was far superior to most who fill that station. Sound in the most important doctrines of the Christian faith, he endeavoured to promote them universally, with
the

the greatest energy of language and most persuasive eloquence. In this capacity he was indeed truly great, and his greatness received additional lustre from his humility. Although followed by numbers, courted by persons of superior rank and station, and admired by those of all persuasions, the applause which his eminence justly acquired did not exalt, but evidently tended to make him humble. He was a person of an enlarged mind, zealous without bigotry, and a steady promoter of universal charity. In his sermons it was evident to all his intelligent hearers, that he deeply felt the force of those solemn truths he delivered; and his manner of displaying them was so justly emphatical, that none but the insensible or obdurate could withstand their force, or long remain unaffected by them—He travelled much from the most disinterested motives amongst his friends in Great Britain and the American colonies, for the promotion of piety and Christian virtue, and for the advancement of that faith and religion, in which he most surely believed, and was so eminent an example.

During the latter part of his life he was much indisposed in his health; but, as I have heard from the best authority, perfectly happy, and easy in his mind, having an evidence in himself that he was approaching that state of felicity

city which is prepared for the righteous. This evidence supported him through the remains of a painful life, and was his unfailing hope in the awful hour of death; which (when near his end) he declared, "had no terrors—nor would the grave have any victory."

Such was his exemplary life—such his triumphant exit.—A life so spent is truly honourable—and such a death is unspeakably glorious!

A LOVER OF TRUTH AND VIRTUE.

The Substance of a few of the last Expressions of that truly great Man, MR. SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, to some of his Friends.

"OUR health is no more at our command than length of days:—Mine seems drawing fast to a conclusion, I think;—but I am content with every allotment of Providence, for they are all in wisdom—unerring wisdom.

"There is *one thing* which, as an arm underneath, bears up and supports; and though the rolling tempestuous billows surround, yet my

my head is kept above them, and my feet are firmly established :—Oh ! seek it—press after it—lay fast hold of it.

“ Though painful my nights, and wearisome my days, yet I am preserved in patience and resignation.—Death has no terrors, nor will the grave have any victory :—my soul triumphs over death, hell, and the grave.

“ Husbands and wives—parents and children—health and riches, must all go.—*Disappointment* is another name for them.

“ I should have been thankful, had I been able to have got to the ensuing yearly meeting in London, which you are now going to attend, where I have been so often refreshed with my brethren ; but it is otherwise allotted.—I shall remember them, and some of them will remember me.—The Lord knows best what is fittest for us ;—I am content, and resigned to his will.

“ I feel a foretaste of the joy that is to come ; and who would wish to change such a state of mind ?

“ I should be glad, if any easy channel could be found to inform the yearly meeting, that as I have lived, so I shall close, with the most unshaken

shaken assurance, that we have not followed cunningly devised fables, but the pure, living, eternal substance.

“ Let the aged be strong, let the middle-aged be animated, and the youth encouraged; for the Lord is still with Sion; the Lord will bless Sion !

“ If I be now removed out of his Church Militant, where I have endeavoured, in some measure, to fill up my duty, I have an evidence that I shall gain an admittance into his glorious Church Triumphant, far above the heavens.

“ My dear love is to all them that love the Lord Jesus.”

PROVIDENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

SEE a fond mother encircled by her children!—with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love!—One she kisses on the forehead, and clasps another to her bosom; one she sets upon her knees, and finds a seat upon her foot for another; and while, by their lisping words and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes; to these she dispenses a look, a word to those—and whether she smiles, or frowns, 'tis all in tender love.

Such, to us, is the infinitely high and awful Providence! so it watches over us, comforting those, listening to all, assisting every one; and sometimes it denies the favours we implore; it denies, but to invite our more earnest prayers; or seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in that refusal.

PRO-

P R O V I D E N C E.

IMITATED IN VERSE.

HER sons, some mother views with tender joy;
Whilst one her fond maternal hand caresses;
She prints a kiss on one beloved boy,
And one, within her eager arm she presses:

One climbs her feet;—one sits upon her knee;
Whilst from their actions—aspect—sighs the
mother;

Reads all their wishes—various tho' they be,
And speaks to one—nods—smiles upon another.

But still she loves, whether she smiles or chides;
And Providence, for us, like love expresses:
O'ersees—now comforts these;—for those provides;

Still hears all griefs;—still succours all distresses.

When he denies, he but invites to pray,
Or but with-holds things hurtful by abusing;
He oft denies, to call our hearts that stray,
And gives us most, when he seems most refusing.

AN HYMN.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips appear !
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.
The myrtles, that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage, that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my God !

Shall *man*—the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's call !
Forbid it, Devotion and Love !
The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be 'rapt in my God !

OSMYN,

OSMYN, OR THE TALISMAN.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN one of the villages, some leagues from the city of Bagdad, lived Abdallah. Time had silvered over his locks, but avarice prevented his hoary head from being honourable. Riches were his chief good, and every wish centered in obtaining them.—But why, O! worm of earth, shouldst thou thus labour to heap up perishing ore? Can thy shining dust avert misfortune? or will the angel of death be bribed by thy gold, to defer for a moment the awful stroke?

One, only son, was to inherit Abdallah's riches, the young Osmyn; his father strove to inspire the same adoration toward them, in his mind, that he himself had possessed; but without effect. Osmyn could not steel his heart to the distresses of his fellow-creatures, nor hoard up that which he saw another perishing for the want of.—Before his father, however, he constrained himself, and seemed in some measure to attend to his precepts.

The time at length arrived when Abdallah must leave his darling riches; he charged Osmyn to preserve his gold carefully;—he would have said more, but the sword of the angel of death cut short his existence.

Osmyn, on examining his treasures, found them to exceed the utmost stretch of his imagination; his youthful mind was dazzled with the sight, and his first thoughts were, “Surely, with those I cannot fail to purchase happiness.” Osmyn’s desires, however, were not solely centred in himself; he would also give happiness to others. His first act, therefore, was to banish misery from his neighbourhood. He relieved the widow and orphan, and brought the smile of content where the sighs of anguish were before, alone, heard. His own happiness now employed his cares:—He thought that, in the great city, alone, he should find what he sought for. He revolved many schemes, and at length he fixed upon one.—This one he determined to pursue, and for that purpose prepared to journey to Bagdad. One evening he was sitting in an arbour, revolving on the delight in which his future days were to pass; when a venerable old man advanced towards him, and thus said: “Son of Abdallah, what is it you are about to pursue?—the bubble that rises on the water, or the colours that glitter in the sun-beams?”——

“ My

“My pursuit,” replied Osmyn, “is more substantial. Is it a wonder that youth should pursue happiness?”——“No,” answered the sage, nor that false-grounded hope should be disappointed. But how is that idol of every heart to be gained?”——“I propose,” said Osmyn, “on my first entrance into life, to commence an universal acquaintance with mankind; for without society no happiness can exist. My behaviour shall be such as to secure the friendship of all, but in one, only, will I repose unlimited confidence. Him will I select from the multitude; and, by his friendship, pleasure will be doubled and pain mitigated.”——“And what O! young man, are to be the qualifications of this friend?”——“A mind,” replied Osmyn, “in which wisdom has established her throne; and a heart that will feel for the distresses of a fellow-creature; the first will be my solace in the hour of retirement, and, by his possessing the second, I shall feel redoubled pleasure in visiting the habitations of anguish.”——“May that heart,” said the sage, “which thus feels for the distresses of others, never heave a sigh for its own woe! But, hearken unto me, child of mortality!—thy ideas of happiness are sanguine, and thy knowledge of man imperfect. Thy riches, it is true, may give thee flatterers, but will never secure thee a friend. I am one of the Genii commissioned by Alla, to preside

over the children of men; and would, as far as my power extends, assist thee;—but, if thou listenest not to the words of instruction, I cannot help thee.” Osmyn bowed with reverence before him.—“Surely,” he cried, “from thee I may obtain that knowledge necessary for my entrance into life; give me but the power of knowing the sincerity of those professions which will be made me.”——“To that,” answered the Genii, “my power does not extend, as a knowledge of the heart must be necessary to obtain it; and Omniscience belongs, alone, to the great Alla. But, with my counsels I will aid thee when thou wishest them. All I can do, at present, is to warn thee of the hypocrisy of the world; and to guard thee against false friends. Pursue thy intended scheme. Here is a Talisman, and whenever thou art desirous of my presence, touch it thrice, and I will attend thee.” So saying, he presented Osmyn with a ring, and disappeared.

Osmyn remained, buried in contemplation, until the shades of night spread around him.—He reflected on what he had heard, until his heart beat high with apprehension of the deceit of man, and the idea of relinquishing his journey presented itself strongly to his view. But youthful ardour prevailed, and he remained fixed in his first plan.

Soon

Soon as the rising sun gilded the horizon, Osmyn began his journey. His train was small; for, as yet, he was unacquainted with unnecessary attendance. All nature seemed to smile. The sun shone, resplendent, on the distant hills; the valleys echoed with the lowing of the kine, and the bleating of the flocks; the birds chaunted their orisons, and the aromatic shrubs spread their odours around.

At length the gilded turrets of the great city appeared to his view, and Osmyn soon found himself among the busy multitude. Eager to enter upon his scheme of happiness, he got the most sumptuous house he could procure, bought a multitude of slaves, and made magnificent entertainments, to which the young and gay resorted in crowds.

Osmyn soon found his friends more numerous than the insects in the sun-beams; each of whom professed the most inviolable attachment to his interest. Those professions were so warm, Osmyn doubted not their sincerity, and thought within himself—"It is not, surely, so hard, as I was taught to believe, to find a friend. What numbers have I already met, in my short-fojourn in this great city? Some may, perhaps deceive for the sake of interest; but, were all the rest of mankind false, Misner, I am convinced,

is sincere; he, therefore, shall henceforth be the friend of Osmyn.

Misner was young;—his accents were mild as the zephyrs of the morning, and his words were like the droppings of the honey-comb.—He attached himself solely to Osmyn, declaring, that the hours he spent not with him were tedious, as the deserts of Arabia;—and Osmyn was sincere, when he called his friend, Misner, the most valuable of all his enjoyments. With him he shared his treasure, and to him he imparted every secret of his heart:—With Misner he sought out the habitations of wretchedness, who, while Osmyn wiped the tear from the eye of sorrow, and relieved the wants of the needy, wished that riches had fallen to his lot, that he might be able to act like the heaven-taught friend of mankind, the generous Osmyn. Thus was the morn of each day spent, while mirth and festivity crowned each eve.

Amongst the numerous friends of Osmyn was Aboulascar, chief emir of Mahomet the Second. The praises of Osmyn was his darling theme, and, next to Misner, he was chief in his friendship. He one day invited Osmyn to his house. The most exquisite viands courted the palate, the softest music soothed the ear, and the eye was delighted with the sprightly dance; and,

and, to crown the entertainment, Aboulascar presented to his friend's enraptured view his daughter, the lovely Zara, in all the majesty of beauty. She was straight as the cedar of Lebanon, and fair as the lilly of the vale; her cheeks bloomed as the rose, and her eyes sparkled as the diamonds of Golconda. At her father's command she appeared without her veil. Osmyn gazed on her beauties with astonishment, and yielded himself an easy victim to her charms.

Osmyn now grew agitated and uneasy; the beautiful Zara appeared for ever to his view; but, as in his eyes, she seemed worthy to grace the throne of Mahomet, he supposed that her father meant to present her to the Sulran.—Misner perceived his uneasiness, and eagerly enquired the cause.—“Has Misner lost the friendship of Osmyn, that he is not thought worthy to share his griefs?”——“Not so,” replied Osmyn; “but I would not wound the bosom of friendship, by imparting griefs for which there is no remedy.” Misner, however, at length prevailed, and Osmyn acquainted him with his love for Zara, and the idea he held of his own unworthiness to possess her. “The worth of Osmyn,” replied Misner, “might obtain any prize:—be not thus timid; apply to Aboulascar, he cannot refuse thy request.”

Over-

Overcome by his friend's persuasions, Osmyn ventured to declare to Aboulascar his love for Zara.

The Emir attended to him with complacency;—informed him that the governors of several provinces—nay, even the Visier's son, had sued for her;—he had refused them all, but to the generous, the virtuous Osmyn he bestowed her with pleasure.

Osmyn's heart glowed with gratitude; for sincerity being his ruling principle, he supposed all mankind equally sincere.

Aboulascar presented him to his daughter, as the person he had chosen for her husband.

The haughty Zara treated him with the utmost rigour; refused to listen to his passion; and reduced him to the verge of despair. He endeavoured, by the most magnificent presents, and the humblest assiduity, to soften her heart; he at length prevailed, and she listened to him with complacency.

Osmyn now yielded his heart to transport;—perfect happiness appeared to his view; and ere the end of another moon he would be in possession of it. To his friend, Misner, he would talk with delight, on the charms of Zara; and paint,

paint, in glowing colours, the happiness of his future life; while Misner praised the great Alla, who had thus rewarded virtue with happiness.

At length, the eve of the day on which the lady was to sign the marriage-contract arrived. Osmyn had ordered for his beloved Zara, a chaplet of precious stones; a short time after his return from the magnificent dwelling of Aboulascar, the jeweller brought it home; his impatience to adorn with it the brow of his beloved, would not permit him to wait until the morrow; and although the dusky veil of the even had far spread over the sky, he again repaired to Aboulascar's. Entering by a private door in the garden, which he found open, as he passed an arbour he heard the murmur of voices, and thought he could distinguish that of Misner's. He paused for a moment, and distinctly heard these words:—"Dearer to the soul of Misner than the light of the sun, how can I live and behold thee in the arms of Osmyn?"

At that moment Osmyn felt as if existence ceased. He doubted his senses. He seemed rooted to the earth; but recollection was again recalled to misery, by the well-known voice of the faithless Zara.—"Why, O Misner! do you upbraid

upbraid me for what you yourself have caused? When my father turned from your suit with disdain, and listened to that of Osmyn, did I hearken to it with pleasure, until you told me, that from thence alone we could hope for happiness—that from his unsuspecting friendship we could never fear a discovery?”——Osmyn heard no more;—his soul was as the raging tempest. He would have rushed upon the faithless Misner; but, recollecting he had no weapon, he retired in silence the way he came, and returned home, a prey to a thousand conflicting passions. He traversed his chamber, for some hours, unable to form a single resolution. His air-built dome of happiness had in a moment fallen to the ground.——At length, the words of the Genii rushed upon his mind; their truths flashed conviction on his soul; he accused himself for not having, before, had recourse to his counsels;—“But I will now,” said he; within himself, “be guided, solely, by his advice; if my folly has not prevented his answering my request.”——He thrice touched his Talisman, and the old man immediately presented himself. Osmyn prostrated himself at his feet——“Rise, son of Abdallah,” said the Genii, “and tell me, why thou hast wished for my presence?”——“Alas!” he replied, “the soul of Osmyn is a prey to the most piercing anguish!”

anguish; the friend, to whom I confided the inmost secrets of my heart, and the woman that I loved, more than life, have betrayed me; and I have thy promise for advice, when I stand in need of it."—"Osmyn," answered the Genii, "attend to my words, and hearken to the voice of instruction;—thou hast mistaken flattery for friendship, and the smooth voice of guile, for the real effusions of sincerity. Thou yieldedst thine heart captive to beauty, without examining whether the mind hid beneath that face was not the seat of deformity. Prostrate thyself, with gratitude, before the great Alla; who hath discovered to thee thy mistake.—While yet thy peace can be recovered, reflect what the consequence would have been, had another sun passed before thy mind was thus enlightened."—"Adored be his goodness," replied Osmyn;—"but how could I have discovered falsehood in the breast of Misner; or aught but loveliness beneath the beauteous form of Zara."—"If thy mind had not been blinded by passion," said the sage, "thou mightst have seen that Zara was proud, ill-tempered and malicious;—say, when beauty has been praised in her presence, have not the roses fled from her cheek, and has she not endeavoured to lessen the fame of the absent fair one?—When the distresses of the poor have been spoken of before her,

her, has the sympathetic tear ever trembled in her eye, or her hand been open to their relief? From such an heart could Osmyn hope for the happiness he wished?—Before Misner's falsehood, self-love drew a veil. To all eyes, but thine, he appeared the fawning sycophant;—every word and action of thine he dwelt on with raptures, and repeated with the high sounding words of applause; though some of them deserved the reproof a real friend would bestow.—Say, Osmyn, has not the doubting thought arose in thy mind, on some word or action of thine, until the praises of Misner has restored thyself complacency?"——Osmyn bowed his head—"True, O Genii! are thy words, and great has been my delusion; I acknowledge my error; but what did there appear in Osmyn to make him thus a prey to falsehood?"—"Thou forgettest my words in the arbour," replied the Genii; "I there told thee, thy riches would gain thee flatterers, but never secure thee a friend; thou wert rich and credulous—Misner was poor and insinuating; he saw where his advantage lay, and he failed not to secure it.—He had long loved Zara, and strove to deceive Aboulascar; but, the crafty Emir was not to be imposed on; he rejected Misner's suit with disdain, but the affection of Zara he had secured. When Aboulascar joined the crowd that flocked to thy board, thy riches dazzled him, and

and he determined, if possible, to gain thee for his son. For that purpose, he presented Zara to thy view, when the softest notes of the lute had melted thy mind. Believe not the tale of the Visier's son, and the governors of provinces; had such offers been made, thou hadst never seen Zara; but thou wert ignorant of the ways of men, and easily imposed on. The words of Misner and Zara point to thee the precipice thou hast escaped.—Thou shouldst have remembered thy Talisman, and from me thou wouldst have received the words of instruction. Thou hast now found, by experience, that riches cannot secure happiness. Remember, in future, that the flatterer can never be a friend; and that beauty without virtue is deformity.”——So saying, he disappeared.

Osmyn remained buried in profound contemplation, nor awoke from his reverie, 'till the voice of Misner sounded in his ears——“ Why is my friend thus negligent?—the ladies are in waiting, and the beauteous Zara will chide at thy delay.”——“ Wretch!” cried Osmyn, starting from his seat, “ fly from my presence, lest I stain my hands with thy polluted blood;—acquaint the false Zara, that the mist is withdrawn from the eyes of Osmyn, and his unsuspecting friendship will no longer be imposed upon.”

Misner

Misner strove to mitigate the rage of Osmyn, by the most abject servility, but Osmyn, with the majesty of injured worthiness, commanded him to depart.

Osmyn now resolved to repair to the peaceful dwelling of his fathers, where truth and sincerity had established their throne. At the hour in which he was to be at Aboulascar's, he sent him the following letter:—

“ Osmyn has discovered, ere it was too late,
“ that the heart of Zara belonged to another,
“ to whom, therefore, he resigns her; and
“ before this letter has been read by Aboulas-
“ car, will have quitted Bagdad.”

He left a slave, in whom he could confide, to dispose of his house, and with two attendants began his journey.

The mind of Osmyn was so deeply fixed on the events of the past night, that he minded not the path which his horse had pursued, till he found himself alone in the midst of a forest, and perceived that the shades of the evening were spread far over the sky. He called on his slaves, but they were pursuing their journey, their eyes having wandered on the country around them, when their master's horse took
the

the wrong path. Osmyn endeavoured to recover the right road, but in vain; every turn he took involved him in a deeper labyrinth, and, in the midst of his difficulties, a party of wandering Arabs attacked him. He drew his sabre, determining to sell his life as dear as possible;—he was, however, overpowered by numbers, and received a wound on the head, which laid him on the earth to all appearance dead. His enemies having rifled him of what few valuables he had about him, left him, carrying his horse along with them.

Osmyn continued long insensible; at length, opening his eyes, he beheld a youth supporting him, whose countenance seemed to bespeak him one of the benevolent Genii; while a maid, fair as a Hourie, was pouring some cordial down his throat. Osmyn gazed wildly around him, and exclaimed—“Am I, indeed, in Paradise, and art thou the fair Hourie granted to the lot of Osmyn?”——“We,” replied the youth, “are children of mortality like thyself; I am called Nouraddin, and this is Selima, my sister. Our father, the venerable Omer, lives adjoining this forest; to him we will conduct thee, whose knowledge in simples will soon restore thee to health.” Osmyn would have declared his gratitude, but weakness prevented him.

Nouraddin,

Nouraddin, with the assistance of a slave, conveyed him to the dwelling of Omer. "Behold, my father," said Selima, "we have been obeying thy precepts. As we walked in the forest, we beheld this stranger, wounded and lying as dead; but we administered a cordial which restored him to life, and we have brought him to thee to perfect the cure."

"Ye have done well, my children," said the venerable old man; "to succour a brother in distress is our first duty;—and, blessed shall that day be, whose rising sun beholds an act of mercy."

He now examined the wounds of Osmyn, and applied an herb which, in a few days, restored him to health: He would then have pursued his journey, but Omer and Nouraddin pressed his stay; his sweetness of temper gained upon their hearts, and the lovely Selima was glad that the stranger was not so soon to depart.

Osmyn easily yielded to their wishes:—In Nouraddin he discovered the friend he had sought for; undisguised truth sat on his brow, and he scorned to flatter the friend he professed to esteem. The souls of Osmyn and Nouraddin joined together, and they soon appeared actuated,

ated, but by one mind. In Nouraddin Osmyn gained a friend; but in Selima he saw the mistress of his soul.—When he gazed on her mild beauties, he wondered he had ever thought the haughty Zara fair. He prostrated himself before the great Alla, in humble gratitude, for the event which had brought him to the dwelling of Omer.

Instructed, by adversity, he resolved now to act with caution, and take the advice of the Genii before he yielded again to love. He had recourse to his Talisman, and the Genii stood before him. Osmyn bowed before him, and said—“ O ! venerable enlightener of my mind, I have now, methinks, found the friend in whom I can confide, and the woman I may venture to love. In the breast of Nouraddin truth and honour have erected their seats, and the heart of Selima is the dwelling of every virtue.—May I not, therefore, yield to the impulse of my soul ?”

“ Osmyn,” replied the Genii, “ the great Alla has been merciful to thee above thousands of the children of men. He has led thee thro’ the mazes of disappointment to happiness.—Thou hast been taught to distinguish the flatterer from the friend; and that external beauty without virtue is but a mere shadow. From
3 the

the vices of Misner thou hast been instructed to prize the worth of Nouraddin; and from the falsehood and deceit of Zara, to distinguish the mild virtues that adorn the truly beautiful female. Take Selima as thy wife, and Nouraddin as thy friend; nor fear from them a disappointment; and may thy declining years be supported by a virtuous progeny. My task is ended. Thou mayest keep the Talisman, tho' its virtues are no more; when thou viewest it, reflect on what has passed, and remember, that without virtue neither beauty, riches, nor honour can confer happiness."—The Genii disappeared, and Osmyn, prostrate before the great Alla, adored his goodness.

He sought Selima, and declared to her his love.—She heard him, with a pleasure she sought not to conceal; and nothing but the smile of Omer was wanting to confirm their happiness. The venerable Omer joined their hands with delight.

Osmyn returned to his paternal home with joy, and, with his beloved Selima, and the faithful Nouraddin, passed his days in peace and happiness. The sage counsel of Omer encreased his wisdom. His heart was ever open to the distressed, and his dwelling was the seat of hospitality. His children were numerous, and he enriched

enriched their minds with the precepts of wisdom; teaching others, from his own life, to turn with disdain from the flatterer, and to seek for *happiness* only in the path of *virtue*.

AMANDA.

EDWIN AND LUCY.

BENEATH yon lime-tree's lonely shade,
Within the earth's cold bosom laid,
Ill-fated Lucy sleeps.

Along yon stream that murmurs by,
When twilight glimmers o'er the sky,
A spirit walks and weeps.

Midnight, if travellers take that way,
Its whispering voice is heard to say,

"Tread not where Lucy lies."

Then mournful moanings load the gale;
Aerial figures seem to fail

Before the astonish'd eyes.

Once Lucy bless'd a lonely pair,

Sole object of their latest care;

She was an only child,

While yet a prattler on their knees,

What heart-felt joys their breasts would seize,

When little Lucy smil'd.

And

And oft beside the ev'ning fire,
Pleas'd with her prate, her aged fire,
Would tell her tales of woe,
Of maids dishonour'd and deceiv'd;
Then Lucy's breast with pity heav'd,
Whilst tears unbidden flow.

Where mirthful swains at ev'ning dance,
In circling mazes brisk advance,
Bright Lucy still was there.
Of all the maids that grace the green,
She modest shone the peerless queen;
Her form was faultless fair.

Her cheeks outbloom'd the damask rose,
Her breast outshone the purest snows,
That fall on Zembla's rocks:
The light of love beam'd from her eyes,
Nor softer lustre streaks the skies,
When morn her gate unlocks.

Long Edwin lov'd the tender maid,
And Lucy long his sighs repaid,
For mutual was their flame:
Together oft they trod the mead,
In converse sweet together stray'd,
Along Tweed's pastoral stream.

Where shepherd swains assembled glad,
To join the throng, oft Edwin led
His Lucy blushing shy,

There

There on him wrestling in the ring,
Or seated 'neath the shade to sing,
She fix'd a lover's eye.

And Edwin was the worthiest swain
That ever grac'd the past'ral plain;
His heart was void of guile.
No maidens wept his broken vows,
No vengeful passion lour'd his brows,
On all would Edwin smile,

In ev'ry manly art well taught,
Its many rural feats had wrought,
Upon Tweed's verdant meads;
He knew to aim the arrow well,
And all the country round could tell,
Of Edwin's wond'rous deeds.

But ah! his parents cross'd his love,
To work him woe unceasing strove,
By many a wicked art.
(In ev'ry breast let nature reign)
In vain they strove to break the chain,
That bound the lover's heart.

For still his thoughts on Lucy rest,
His only care to make her blest,
Her smile his highest aim.
For her he gains the rural prize,
Each ev'ning through the woodland hies,
To meet her at Tweed stream.

'Twas in a wood that wav'd around,
Where oft was heard the hunter's found
Hoarse wafted on the gale;
Where moss-grown rocks o'erhang the steep,
And slow the silent waters creep
Adown a lonely dale.

A grotto form'd by nature's care,
Where many a flow'ret blossoms fair,
Affords a safe retreat;
At which, when ev'ning chills with cold,
And flocks are penn'd within their fold,
The lovers nightly meet.

And here remote from ev'ry eye,
They told the tale, or breath'd the sigh,
That heav'd with virtuous love,
'Till Twilight spread her mantle grey,
And Cynthia pour'd her silver ray,
Soft chequ'ring through the grove.

In vain they strove their loves to crown,
Still Edwin fears a father's frown,
Who wants a father's heart;
Whose jealous eyes still mark his ways,
Who still by nameless arts essays,
Love's soft impulse to thwart.

At length kind heav'n beheld their woes,
At length the star of joy arose,
With mildest beaming ray;

For

For Edwin's father worn with years
Consents to Edwin's ardent pray'rs,
And urg'd the wedding-day.

" 'Tis vain to cross the youthful heart
Or love's capricious will to thwart,
I grant thy fond request :
Then take, oh ! take the much-lov'd maid,
And let these eyes behold thee wed,
Ere low I'm laid to rest."

But who can paint the mingled blaze,
That o'er the cheek of Edwin strays,
With what his father said,
So bright's the beam o'er ocean borne,
When April's mildest sweetest morn.
Lifts up its ruddy head.

Oh ! how his Lucy's heart will beat,
To hear the tender youth repeat,
His dying fire's behest,
Full soon she'll meet him at the grot,
Where many a warbler tunes his throat,
To sooth the love-sick breast.

Ah, no !—dark clouds beshroud our sun,
Not long the streams of pleasure run,
Till tears increase their flow :
E'en while we eye the promis'd joy,
The fiends of fate our hopes destroy,
And leave us wed to woe.

Ill-fated maid, in evil hour,
Thou leav'st thy father's humble bow'r,
 To seek Tweed's well-known stream :
Ere Edwin reach'd its shady side,
Misfortunes drear shall thee beside
 Thou'lt meet Sir John of Græme.

Thy wedding-day will never shine,
Thou'lt never grace the Hym'nal shrine,
 With Edwin, well I ween :
No more thou'lt stray o'er Tweed's fair meads,
Ah ! soon his lonely whisp'ring reeds
 Shall mourn their rural queen.

Lo ! Sir John leads a num'rous train,
With him is many a gallant swain,
 Returning from the chace.
In vain she strives to 'scape his eye,
Or through the forest fast to fly,
 His train surrounds the place.

“ Now stop, fair maid,” the chieftain cried,
“ With me on this swift steed thou'lt ride,
 To Morray's distant hall ;
And there within my castle gate,
An hundred maids on thee shall wait,
 To answer at thy call.”

In vain the suppliant lifts her hands ;
Encompas'd round she speechless stands,
 Of lustful force the prey :

For

For many mothers wept his lust,
And many maids now in the dust,
Did Sir John Græme betray.

And now she's mounted on his steed,
Away they ride with fastest speed
To Morray's distant hall.
Not all her tears could move the chief,
Tho' many a tear in bitter grief
Adown her cheeks did fall.

Again she thinks of Edwin's state,
And now she wails her parent's fate,
Robb'd of their only child.
And still her bosom heaves with sighs,
And loud the vale rings with her cries,
For grief had made her wild.

A sharp, sharp sting thrills through her heart,
From her fond lover far to part,
And never meet again.
"No more I'll see my father's bow'rs,
No more I'll spend my ev'ning hours,
With Edwin on the plain."

The dark'ning night now gather'd fast,
And loudly blew the rat'ling blast,
And heavy fell the show'r;
The lonely wand'ers lose their way,
Across the pathless wild they stray,
Far, far from Morray's tow'rs.

Amid the dreary gloom around,
No more the rock or stream is found,
 Deep darkness broods o'er all :
And now the chieftain pants with dread,
Ah, lest his weary fault'ring steed
 Adown some steep might fall.

Full oft he climbs the steepy hill,
Anon he fords the rushy rill,
 That murmurs thro' the wood ;
At length espies the cottage blaze,
Ah, no ! the meteor's tempting maze,
 Above the faithless flood.

Lur'd by its sheen he spurs the steed,
When forth he springs with fatal speed,
 No pow'r on earth can save ;
Adown the steep they screaming fall,
Far, far from Morray's mirthful hall,
 They sink beneath the wave.

Long Edwin seeks the hapless maid,
O'er many a vale and gloomy glade,
 He bends his weary way,
And oft he calls on Lucy's name,
Oft as he pass'd the lonely stream,
 Where late she wont to stray.

The lone owl scream'd a dreary song,
And oft he heard the Naiad throng,
 Lament in mournful mood ;

The pearly tear sat in his eye,
His bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
And fear had froze his blood.

"Ah, whither gone," the full heart said;
"Ah, whither from thy Edwin stray'd,
Beneath this dreary gloom?
For thee I've sought the pathless heath,
For thee I'd brave the fears of death,
And seek thee in the tomb.

"Sure some mishap has thee befell,
O how I long to hear and tell,
The scenes of this sad night:
Perhaps thou'rt dragg'd some ruffian's prey,
Or tread'st some weary lonesome way
In grief and pale affright."

While Edwin thus of Lucy talks,
Her ash-pale form before him stalks,
His breast with horror heaves,
"O! seek no more the hapless maid,
In death's cold arms thy Lucy's laid,
She sleeps beneath the waves."

His beating breast sharp sorrow thrill'd,
The damps of death his limbs bechill'd,
As the pale form he ey'd.
A shiv'ring seiz'd his chilly frame,
Then thrice he call'd on Lucy's name,
And deeply sighing died.

AN

ALLEGORICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

INGRATITUDE

IN A

POOR DEPENDANT.

BY A LADY.

A CERTAIN PERSON was of so noble and generous a disposition, that he delighted to communicate happiness to all around him. Among those whom his bounty raised, we will distinguish one by the name of Orlando.—This man he took from a condition low as the mire in the streets—cloathed and fed him, and placed him in a convenient habitation, and bestowed upon him an ample provision, to support life with comfort and satisfaction; and as he lived in a country where assaults and many accidents were frequent, this kind *benefactor* used often to send parties of his own servants (for he kept a vast number in his retinue), to guard him, particularly

larly when he went on any dangerous expedition. When he was sick, or in any affliction, he never failed to visit him—to administer relief and comfort;—there was not a day, in short, in which he did not confer on him some new obligation; and as if all this was too little, he faithfully promised him, that if he did not make an ill use of his favours, he would, after trying him a while in his present circumstances, bestow on him a much greater estate, situated in a most delightful country, where he should live in an elegance and splendor he had then no conception of; and in return for all these mighty favours, his *patron* only required, that he should pay him frequent visits—sometimes in public, along with other company that attended his levee, but more frequently in private;—that he should behave himself in a sober, orderly manner, neither hurting himself by being guilty of any excesses, nor setting an ill example to others.—He also made him steward of some part of his revenue, which he ordered him to distribute according to his own discretion, among a set of his lower dependants, and assured him, that if he discharged his office with diligence and humanity, he should look on it as a favor done to himself.

And now, would one think it possible that Orlando should in a little time grow forgetful

and negligent of this *noble friend*? That when he was absent from him, he should engross little of his thoughts, and still less of his conversation?—That if by chance he was led to speak of him, he should presently fly off from the subject, as if he was ashamed to mention the person to whom he owed his all?—Nay, would one believe that he would ever listen with a patient ear, while others spoke disrespectfully of him, and found fault with his acts of bounty, because they were not distributed exactly in that manner they thought best?

He visited him sometimes, it is true, but his visits were short, and not frequent, and his behaviour such as plainly shewed that he went because it was expected from him, or from custom, more than any real veneration or love for his *benefactor*.—If he asked a favour, either for himself or any other person, he did it with such a careless air, as if he did not much trouble his head whether it was granted or not; sometimes he would make professions of gratitude, but with so much coolness and indifference as shewed he was very little sensible of the obligations he had received.

All who attended on public days were expected to behave with good decorum and gravity; for, on these occasions, the least degree of levity

levity was looked upon as a breach of respect to their *patron*; but Orlando was so far from observing those rules, that he used frequently to be laughing and talking with some of his companions; and even in the middle of an address to his *friend*, he would break off, to take notice of somebody's new suit of cloaths, or any other such trifle that happened to catch his eye.

But there was one part of his behaviour more unpardonable than all the rest, which was, his neglect of those persons whom his generous *benefactor* had entrusted to his care; he seldom visited them, never concerned himself to enquire after their wants;—nay, would hardly grant them a small favour when they solicited him.

After going on for some time in this manner, if either the admonitions of a friend, or the consciousness of his own mind, awakened him to a sense of his ingratitude, he would then vouchsafe to make some acknowledgments, and to ask his *patron's* pardon in a supplicating manner; when this inimitable *friend*, not to be tired out with any provocations, would receive him with open arms, and assure him, that if he would be more careful to please him in future, all that was passed should be buried in oblivion; but

but that if he persisted to abuse his kindness, he would, if he did not withdraw his present bounty, yet certainly disinherit him of the noble estate he had in reversion; which was not to be given him till he had undergone a severe operation, which had so much of fancied terror in it, as made him very willing to keep what he then enjoyed, without looking for any thing better. But this was not permitted him; for at the expiration of a certain term of years, he was either to be put in possession of the promised inheritance, or else to be punished for not having deserved it.

Again and again he offended, and yet such was the forgiving goodness of his *benefactor*, that upon his humbling himself he as often received him into favour, till at last he sent a grim messenger to acquaint him that the appointed hour was come—the lease of his house was expired—and he must prepare to enter a new habitation:—Though at first he expressed some reluctance, yet the sentence was immediately executed; but whether he ever arrived at the delightful country that was promised, or whether he suffered for the carelessness of his past life, is a question unresolved.—However, this much is certain, that when he was going to make trial of so great a change, he heartily wished he had made it the business of every day of his life to please his *noble friend*.

Reader,

Reader—whoe'er thou art—make here a solemn pause!—Reflect on thy past conduct!—examine thy own heart!—see if thou art treading in the steps of the ungrateful Orlando:—If thou find it so, stop—and seek to gain the right path; through the mercy and grace of thy *benefactor*, thou wilt soon be enabled to find it.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

AN ELEGY.

—“Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation, and sorrow of their weary moments.”—

STERNE.

GODDESS of golden dreams! whose magic power

Sheds smiles of joy o'er misery's haggard face,
And lavish strews the visionary flower,

To deck life's dreary path with transient grace!

I woo thee, Fancy, from thy Fairy-cell,

Where 'midst the endless woes of human-kind,
Rapt in ideal bliss, thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Deep

Deep sunk, O Goddess! in thy pleasing trance,
 Oft let me seek yon low sequester'd vale;
 Whilst wisdom's self shall steal a side-long glance,
 And smile contempt—but listens to my tale.

Alas! how little do her vot'ries guess,
 Those rigid truths, which learned fools revere,
 Serve but to prove—(O bane to happiness!)
 Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere.

Be theirs to search where clust'ring roses grow,
 Touching each sharp thorn's point to prove
 how keen;
 Be mine to trace their beauties as they blow,
 And catch their fragrance where they blush
 unseen.

Haply my path may be through barren vales,
 Where niggard Fortune all her sweets denies;
 Even there shall Fancy scent the ambient gales,
 And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff—be his the task
 To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes
 betray'd;

Be mine to range unseen—'tis all I ask,
 And frame new worlds beneath the silent shade.

To look beyond the views of wealth and pride,
 Bidding the mind's eye range without con-
 troul,

Thro' wild extatic day;—dreams far and wide,
 To bring returns of comfort to the soul.

To

To bid groves, hills and lucid streams appear,
The gilded spire, arch'd dome, and fretted
vault;

And sweet society be ever near,
Love ever young, and friends without a fault.

I see entranc'd the gay conceptions rise,
My harvests ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
And still, as Fancy pours her large supplies,
I taste the god-like happiness to give.

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd sighs,
And shield her infant from the north-blast
rude;

To bid the sweetly glistening tear arise,
Which swims in the glad eye of Gratitude.

To join the artless maid, and honest swain,
Where Fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
And guard, with fost'ring hand, her lovely
boy.

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
And send the unhappy, smiling from my door;
To spread content and cheerfulness around,
And banquet on the blessings of the poor.

Delicious dream! how oft beneath thy pow'r,
Thus, light'ning the sad load of others woe,
I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I bestow!

Delicious

Delicious dream!—how often dost thou give
A gleam of bliss, which truth would but de-
stroy!

Oft dost thou bid my drooping heart revive,
And catch one cheerful glimpse of transient joy!

And oh! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks affliction in her dread career!
Who knows distress;—nay, knows that he may
lend

One hour of bliss, who stops one rising tear!

Oh! but for thee, long since the hand of care,
Had mark'd with livid path my furrow'd cheek;
Long since the shiv'ring hand of cold despair,
Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to
break.

For, ah! Affliction steals with trackless flight,
And pointed anguish tips its arrows keen,
And bleak misfortune, like an eastern blight,
Sheds black destruction, tho' it flies unseen.

O come then, Fancy! and with lenient hand
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd
brow;

Bear me o'er smiling tracts of fairy-land,
And give me more than Fortune can bestow.

Mix'd are her boons, and chequer'd all with ill;
Her smiles, the sun-shine of an April morn;
The cheerful valley smiles, the gilded hill,
But latent storms in ev'ry gale are borne.

Give.

Give me thy hope, which sickens not the heart,
Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to
fly :

Give me the pride thy honours can impart !
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty !

Give me a wish the worldling may deride,
The wise may censure, and the proud may
hate,

Wrapt in thy dreams, to lay the world aside,
And snatch a bliss beyond the reach of fate.

T. W.

CHARACTER

OF A

TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

—THE guardian of my youth, who improved me by his counsels, was a good old man; and the days of his years were innocent, and many;—he was ninety and four years of age when he died.—I saw him fall asleep.—Where wast thou, Reynolds? It was a scene, from which an angel well might weep to have been absent.—Pliny, I think, relates Zoroaster to
have

have come laughing into the world ;—my good old friend went smiling out of it.—Oh ! might this grateful pen but mark his humble tombstone with applause !—living he had not much of it, the world knows, for his meekness ever preferred deserving without praise, before doing ill with commendation :—but he hath his reward. Let not however my gratitude mislead the world :—He left me no legacy, unless, in truth, his example, and the remembrance of him, be legacies invaluable.—I sat upon the left side of the bed of death ;—methought mine eyes never beheld a finer sight ;—but I was partial—and the sun always seems largest when setting.—Voltaire says, “ that he who dies before many witnesses, dies with courage ; ”—only one boyish witness of his death, had this worn-out weak old man ; and yet better pleased would the Marshal de Biron have been with it, than he was with the death of Queen Elizabeth’s Effex.—My right-hand was clenched in his right-hand ;—his last, longing, lingering looks were not rivetted ; one while upon his vices, and another upon his riches—of the former he had none to lament that he must leave behind him ; of the latter he had well nigh exhausted all : how ! and where ! are known, and noted down in the place to which he was hastening.—His voice failed him ;—he paused to take breath. I rubbed mine eye with the bottom

tom of the curtain ;—something had gotten into it—it wanted not wiping : This was no scene to whimper at.

“ My son ! I have been young ; but now I am very old.—Trust to my experience : this same world of ours hath many fine things in it, and many things to please the senses ; but the purest pleasures are derived from endeavours after goodness.—Endeavour to be good, and thou art good ;—live in the world as if thou mean’st to leave it.—Play not about the utmost limits of good, lest peradventure thou slide over into evil.—Be always doing something, that the devil catch thee not at leisure for him.—Fear God—but love him ; and rather despise death than hate life.”——I thought him to have only closed his eyes, the better to collect his thoughts, but they were closed for ever !—I waited tremblingly, expecting to hear him I speak again ; but he spoke no more !—He departed indeed ; but not like Jehoram ; “ without being desired.”—God rest his worthy soul ! Little occasion had he, God knows, as he spoke of his tombstone, to say—“ May those whom I have used ill, forget, as they read the day of my death, all the injuries I ever did them !”—alluding to the ancient notion, that the perusal of epitaphs impaired the memory.—Alas ! his hand was against no one :—he never injured a child.

Gentle

Gentle spirit!—we read in Plutarch, that when Cicero first appeared he was named, by way of derision, “the Greek, and the Scholar.”—Thy greatest enemies, hadst thou had any enemies, could only have stigmatized thee with the appellations of—“the good man, and the man of probity.”

Gentle spirit!—inaudibly didst thou glide through life, and silent, but useful, was the tenor of thy days—not even tinged nor discoloured were they by the filth, or the various mixtures over which they flowed!—Henry the Second was called “the poor man’s King;” but thou wert called “the poor man’s Father.” To the blind thou wert eyes; and to the lame, wert thou not feet?—When thou receivedst a kindness, didst thou not remember it ever?—When thou bestowedst one, didst thou not ever forget it? The approbation of a few good men thou covetedst and thou hadst.

Gentle spirit!—thy life was all so tranquil—“so meekly thou didst bear thy faculties!”—Never didst thou cause a single eye to shed tears, unless of joy—Louis the Fourteenth promised a reward to him who should invent a new order of architecture; and a Persian king offered a much greater, for a new pleasure. So much delight didst thou literally take in goodness, that
hadst

hadst thou been a king, thou wouldst have offered a still greater reward for the invention of a new virtue.

The love with which I loved thee hath not moulted the smallest feather of its plumage;—yet still it flutters round the spot where once thou wast.—The old broken ink-glass, into which I slowly and sorrowfully dip my pen as I think upon thee, was thy old ink-glass:—Oh! that Elijah's ink were in it! The little desk, on which I write this, was thy little desk: I still fasten my shirt with thy monitory shirt-buckle.—Let me lay by the pen of affection, and rise from my chair;—shut my study-door, and kneel me down, and humbly thank Heaven, in the broken, imperfect language of gratitude, for depriving itself of thee, until I were old enough to profit by thy death! and more shall I profit by it, I trust, than Warwick did by Addison's.

Thou art happy, gentle Spirit!—Yes! thou art! and such applause as thy meek soul delight in, that thou art not without.—Not a single poor family in the parish in which thou livedst but hath called more than one of its children after thee. The grand common-place of their memories is the death of their benefactor; and if they be asked at what time any particular

lar event happened, they immediately recollect, whatever it were, before or since that mournful era.

——“ They beg a hair of thee for memory,

“ And dying, mention it in their wills ;

“ Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

“ Unto their issue.”——

Softly and carefully is thy grave trodden by the foot of gratitude ! and the parson's pillion-mare, for grazing it, is roguishly turned adrift almost every night.——Thy name is a perfect charm in the village ; it effectually healeth all family feuds, and at the mention of it enmity and friendship meet, and embrace each other even in the streets.——The old house-dog, of whom thou wast so fond, is known by no other name, is welcome at the poorest hatch, and is so fat that he can hardly waddle.——Thy virtues are the common topics of conversation every winter evening at the blacksmith's, and every Sunday morning, in summer, upon the smooth-worn tombstone, under the great yew-tree in the church-yard. The strolling-player, to whom thou formerly gavest some advice, travelled a long way on foot from a far country, about a twelve-month since, to come and thank thee ; and they told him thou wast in heaven ;—and so he would have carried away the old dog, but they would not suffer him ;—and so then he
hired

hired the barber's shop, whose back window looks into that which was thy garden ; and he came and lived there ;—and he devours not his morsel alone, for never does the strolling-player eat a meal but the old dog eats part of it.

Although two years and some months have gone over thy tombstone, not a letter is there defaced by the finger of idleness—not a corner of it is there broken of it :—Rustic lovers plight their honest troth over it by moon-light :—The young men play not at chuck-farthing near it on Sundays, nor do the boys make a mark of it to pelt at ;—and the labourers, who worked for thee when living, take it by turns, even in harvest time, to clear the weeds from about it every Sunday, before the parson appears at his garden-gate.

In these praises I know thee dearly to delight, and these praises are all thine !—Heaven hath thee now ; and I cannot get much by paying them !

THE EMIGRANT.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
 That wander'd gurgling down a heath-clad hill,
 An antient shepherd stood, oppress'd with woe,
 And ey'd the ocean's flood that foam'd below;
 Where, gently rocking, on the rising tide,
 A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride.
 Unwonted, well I ween—for ne'er before
 Had touch'd one keel the solitary shore;
 Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever stray'd,
 Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
 His few remaining hairs were silver grey,
 And his rough face had seen a better day.
 Around him, bleating, stray'd a scanty flock;
 And a few goats o'erhung the neighb'ring rock.
 One faithful dog his sorrows seem'd to share,
 And strove, with many a trick, to ease his care.
 While o'er his furrow'd cheeks the salt drops
 ran,
 He tun'd his rustic reed—and thus began:—

“ Farewell!—farewell!—dear Caledonia's
 strand;

Rough though thou be, yet still my native land:
 Exil'd from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
 Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more.

By

By hard oppression driven, my helpless age,
 That should, ere now, have left life's bustling
 stage,
 I forc'd the boist'rous ocean's breast to brave,
 In a far distant land to seek a grave.

“Thou, dear companion of my happier life,
 Now to the grave gone down—my virtuous
 wife!

'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
 Five comely sons:—three for their country died;
 Two yet remain, sad remnant of the wars,
 Without one mark of honor—but their scars.
 Contented still we rear'd, with sturdy hands,
 The scanty produce of our niggard lands;
 Scant as it was, no more our hearts desir'd;
 No more from us our gen'rous lord requir'd.”

“But ah! sad change!—those blessed days
 are o'er,
 And peace, content and safety charm no more:
 Another lord now rules these wide domains,
 The avaricious tyrant of the plains.
 Far, far from hence he revels life away,
 In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay.
 The mossy plains—the mountain's barren brow,
 Must now be tortur'd by the tearing plough,
 And spight of nature, crops be taught to rise,
 Which, to those northern climes, wise Heaven
 denies.”

“ On you, dear native land, from whence I
 part,
 Rest the best blessing of a broken heart,
 If in some future hour the foe shall land
 His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,
 May she not, then, the alarm sound in vain,
 Nor miss her banish'd thousands on the plain.

“ Feed on, my sheep!—for tho' depriv'd of
 me,
 My cruel foes shall your protector be;
 For their own fakes, shall pen your straggling
 flocks,
 And save your lambkins from the rav'nous fox.

“ Feed on, my goats!—another now shall
 drain
 Your streams, that cure disease and soften pain;
 No stream, alas! shall ever, ever flow,
 To heal your master's heart, or sooth his woe.

“ But, hark!—my sons loud call me from the
 vale!
 And lo! the vessel spreads her swelling sail;
 Farewel!—farewell!”—A while his hands he
 wrung,
 And o'er his crook, in silent sorrow hung:
 Then, casting many a ling'ring look behind,
 Down the steep mountain's brow began to wind.

ON SEEING
AN INFANT SMILING IN SLEEP.

BY A MOTHER.

MAY watchful angels ever keep
Strict guard around thy bed!
And o'er these eyes, now clos'd in sleep,
Their shadowing pinions spread.

Sweet innocent! thy pleasing dreams,
With wearied Israël's vie;
Rivers of milk and honey streams,
The land of promise nigh.

But, O! when Reason's light shall shine,
And beauty's bud shall blow;
Guide to thy steps, may faith divine,
The real Canaan shew.

ON THE

RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

WHAT the' my foul, rent from the close embrace

Of this material consort, takes her flight;
Exil'd the confines of her native place,
And leave those eyes clos'd in a dismal night?
She shall again resume the dear abode;
And cloath'd in flesh, I shall behold my God!

Though in the gloomy regions of the grave,
Forgotten, and insensible I lie;
That tedious night shall a bright morning have,
The welcome dawns of eternity!
My soul shall then resume her old abode,
And cloath'd in flesh, I shall behold my God!

Although dissolv'd into my native dust,
The num'rous particles will all refine;
And, at my awful Maker's breath, they must
Its proper part each element resign.
And then my soul shall take her old abode,
And cloath'd in flesh, I shall behold my God!

NIGHT.

N I G H T:

NIGHT's in her sable robes array'd,
Her brilliant sparks are all display'd,
Her crescent now appears ;
Trees, plants, and verdant meads, all o'er
The loss of Phoebus now deplore,
And shed their pearly tears.

The zephyrs round the willows play,
And in soft whispers seem to say,
" All Nature is at rest."

Vice on her thorny pillow lies,
Peace from the hated mansion flies,
Reflection wounds her breast.

Somnus, who readily attends
The couch of Virtue, and her friends,
Lulls them to sweet repose.
Morpheus presents celestial sights,
Such heartfelt, such serene delights,
The guilty soul ne'er knows.

Hence we may see what calm content,
Is the result of time well spent,
What joy it does impart ;
While titles, honors, wealth, or pow'r,
Ne'er can procure one tranquil hour,
When conscience stings the heart.

The world's a garden (great design!)
Where weeds with evergreens entwine,
And flowers of sweet perfume;
Then let us learn, while we have time,
To cull the flowers in their prime,
That will for ever bloom.

For life's a short and fleeting day,
On airy wings it flies away;
For night we should prepare.
Let us then, in the morn of youth,
Cultivate virtue, wisdom, truth,
These will reward our care.

So may we bear life's ev'ry ill,
With resignation to the will,
Of him who's truly wise:
That when Death's sleep our eyes shall close,
And kindly end our transient woes,
We'll soar above the skies.

MISS DOBSON.

A RECEIPT

A

RECEIPT FOR FRIENDSHIP.

IN Pliny's Natural History we find a curious Receipt for making the Roman Friendship;—a cordial that was universally esteemed in those days; and very few families, of any credit, was without it.—In the same place, he says, they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greatest perfection.

“ The old Roman friendship was a composition of several ingredients, of which the principal were, union of hearts—a fine flower that flourished in several parts of the empire; sincerity, frankness, disinterestedness, pity, and tenderness, of each an equal quantity.—These were all mixed together with two rich oils, which they called—perpetual kind wishes, and serenity of temper; and the whole was strongly perfumed with the desire of pleasing, which gave it a most grateful smell, and was a sure restorative in all sorts of vapours.

“ This cordial, thus prepared, was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could waste it: And what is very remarkable, says
our

our author, it increased in weight and value the longer it was kept.

“ The moderns have most grossly adulterated this fine receipt : What they impose upon you as Friendship is as follows :—Outward professions, a common weed that grows every where ; instead of the flower union, a large quantity of the desire of being pleased :—of self-interest, conveniency, and reservedness, many handfuls : —a little pity and tenderness strewed over it, (but some pretend to make it up without these two last) ; and the common oil of inconstancy, which, like our linseed oil, is cold drawn every hour, serves to mix them together.—Most of these ingredients being of a perishable nature, it will not keep, and shews itself to be counterfeit, by lessening continually in weight and value.”

CUPID

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

A FABLE.

WITH cheeks bedew'd with drops of pearl,
Sad Psyche sought the grove,
Where she her tresses us'd to curl,
With innocence and love.

Sweet Modesty, a rural maid,
O'ertook the weeping fair,
Ask'd, why in loose attire she stray'd;
And why uncomb'd her hair?

I Cupid seek, o'er hill and dale,
From me the god is fled;
And (what's the cause I cannot tell,)
He shuns the marriage-bed.

Dry up thy tears, and cease to moan,
Return'd the sylvan chaste;
Accept from me this magic-zone,
And bind it round thy waist.

Tie up thy locks—thy dress improve;
And soon this change thou'lt see;
Psyche shall cease to follow Love,
Fond Love shall follow thee.

The zone about her waift she ties;
Each trefs a ringlet flows;
Her bosom's hid from vulgar eyes,
Each cheek displays a rose.

Now in the stream she views her face,
Exults at charms so fair;
The while she studied ev'ry grace,
Love came, and found her there.

Enraptur'd, to her arms he flew;
With joy he blest'd the change;
Improv'd the cause from whence it grew,
And Love forgot to range.

Ye wedded dames, my hint descry,
Nor blame the friendly part;
The flattern makes the lover fly,
While neatness chains the heart.

A PERSIAN

A PERSIAN FABLE.

A DROP of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection:—"Alas! what an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters? My existence is of no concern to the universe;—I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God."—It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape, and swallowed it up in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until, by degrees, it was ripened into a pearl, which, falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

MORAL.—How amiable is true humility!—It will assuredly be exalted one time or other, if not to an earthly diadem, to one infinitely more glorious—an heavenly one.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

